This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

282

יהוה

ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
MDCCCCX
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

# WHEN HOME IS HEAVEN

# WHEN HOME IS HEAVEN

*WORKS OF*

# J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

*When Home is Heaven.*
12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

*The Personal Worker's Guide.*
32mo, cloth, net 25c. Leather, net 50c.

*The Personal Touch.*
12mo, cloth, net 60c.

*Power.* Received Ye the Holy Ghost?
16mo, cloth, net 50c.

*Revival Sermons.*
12mo, cloth, net $1.15. Paper, net 50c.

*Pocket Sermons.*
18mo. Art Boards, net 25c. Leather, net 50c.

*Another Mile,* and Other Addresses.
12mo, paper, net 25c. Cloth, net 75c.

*Present Day Evangelism.*
12mo, cloth, net 60c.

*The Power of a Surrendered Life.*
Turning Back at Kadesh-Barnea.
16mo, cloth, net 30c.

*And Peter,* and Other Sermons.
12mo, cloth, net 30c.

*The Lost Crown.*
12mo, cloth, net 30c.

*The Ivory Palaces of the King.*
16mo, cloth, net 25c.

*S. H. Hadley of Water Street.*
A Miracle of Grace. Being the Life of S. H. Hadley of the Water Street Mission, New York.
12mo, cloth, net $1.25

"OH HOW I LOVE THY LAW! IT IS MY MEDITATION ALL THE DAY."—*Ps. 119—97.*

"OH HOW I LOVE THY LAW! IT IS MY MEDITATION ALL THE DAY."—*Ps. 119-97.*

# WHEN HOME IS HEAVEN

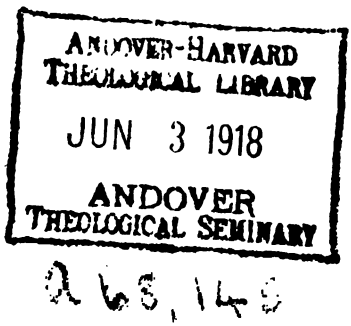
BY

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

©

Copyright, 1917, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY




BS 645

New York : 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago : 17 North Wabash Ave.
Toronto : 25 Richmond Street, W.
London : 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

DEDICATED

TO MY WIFE

## PREFACE

IT is a privilege to pay tribute to the power and beauty of a Christian home. Among the many lessons which I have learned as I have travelled along life's journey is: that the power for good of such a home cannot easily be overestimated, and the influence for evil of a home not controlled by Christian influence is harmful indeed.

Experience is a great teacher. The man who has passed middle life and is possessed of the memory of a home where Christ was honored, and the Bible loved, is able to speak with some authority concerning what a home should be and also as to what it may accomplish in the life of a child.

I do not know of any person who is more to be pitied than the one who has grown to manhood or womanhood and is deprived of such a memory.

My own experience in connection with my early home was unique. My father was in more than comfortable circumstances; and the earliest memory of my boyhood is associated with the comforts, of what in those days would be considered wealth, but in the light of the vast fortunes which men are able to acquire today, it would be looked upon as little more than a fair competency.

I think that for myself, at least, it was the good

Providence of God which changed the fortunes of my father, and compelled me to experience what was certainly discomfort and, I might almost say, the hardship of life.

By one of those reverses of fortune so often experienced in American business life, my father's property was swept away; and I can to this day recall how the location of our home was changed from one part of the city to another, and the house in which we dwelt, instead of being commodious, was extremely small.

I have always felt that by this experience my ministry has been enriched; and when I have preached to others concerning the disappointments of life, I have remembered the pained expression of my father's countenance when he realized that his wife and children must battle more strenuously, and bear heavier burdens than he had ever meant them to bear.

I also recall how my mother, with her naturally sunny disposition, greeted reverses with a smile and filled the rooms of our smaller home with the music of the hymns she sang.

I have a most beautiful memory of family worship; of the Sunday afternoons when as a household we read God's Word together and sang the hymns of the church; and the influence which has been exerted on my life by this memory has been very great.

My mother died when I was little more than a child, and my father soon after was called

Home, but as I look back on my boyhood trials, I can see how God used them to help me on.

I can see my mother sitting one day at the window, her work in her hands, and her children playing at her knees, when, dropping the work which was occupying her mind, and folding her hands, with upturned face, she began to sing softly,—

"Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise."

In after years I heard Mme. Patti sing. I stood one whole night waiting in line to buy a ticket which would admit me to the great music hall in Cincinnati where this queen of singers was to render her part of the Oratorio of the Messiah; but Patti made no such impression upon me as was made by my mother.

My mother went home to God when she was little more than a girl; but I can still feel her kiss upon my cheek, and in memory I often hear the words of counsel she gave to me on the last night she spent on earth.

When she was gone my father had a mother's tenderness added to a father's strength, and when just in the prime of life he passed over to the other shore, I was left with a memory which has enriched my life beyond my power to express.

In my journeys around the world I have been an invited guest in many homes, but only those

homes where Christ was honored stand out prominently in my thought. There comes before me now the picture of a certain home in the United States where there was to be found all the refinements and luxuries of wealth, and where Christ was honored and loved. A friend of mine spent a week-end in this home. In describing this visit he said: "On Sunday morning the very atmosphere of the home was heavenly. The secular newspapers and magazines had been removed from the table in the living-room, and religious books and papers had been put in their place. The conversation carried on had to do with Christ and the church. The faces of the members of the household shone with the reflected light of His countenance. When the church services of the day were over, the household gathered once again around the fireside to sing the old familiar hymns, and then we bowed in prayer, the head of the household leading, and I left this home saying,—'Not in all my life have I been in an atmosphere quite so wonderful.'"

Much of what appears in these chapters I have preached in different parts of the world. It has been my custom in the meetings which I have conducted, to set apart one night to be known as HOME NIGHT, at which time I have appealed to parents to rededicate themselves to Christ. I have also asked fathers and mothers to respond who would promise to conduct family worship in the home. Then the call was made for young

men and young women to dedicate themselves to Christ, the young women to go to the mission field if God should call them, and the young men to offer themselves for the ministry, if that should be God's call to them; and all over the world with my associate, Mr. Charles M. Alexander, I have seen thousands of people respond to these appeals.*

It is because I know what a Christian home may be and how powerfully it may influence the members of the household, that I am giving these messages; for when a home is Christ controlled, then home is Heaven.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

*Most of the incidents related in this book have been directly connected with Mr. Alexander and myself in our association of ten years.

## CONTENTS


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | A Christian Home | 15 |
| II. | Reviving Old Customs | 29 |
| III. | A Personal Question | 48 |
| IV. | Home Protection | 66 |
| V. | A Message to Fathers | 90 |
| VI. | Shirking Responsibility | 111 |
| VII. | A True Mother | 128 |
| VIII. | Good Wages | 146 |
| IX. | A Prodigal Daughter | 158 |
| X. | Safety for Young Men | 174 |
| XI. | Household Protection | 189 |
| XII. | Building a Home | 202 |
| XIII. | A Modern Home | 219 |
| XIV. | A Changed Household | 231 |
| XV. | A Great Promise | 245 |
| XVI. | A Broken Family Circle | 260 |
| XVII. | The End of the Journey | 282 |

# I

## A CHRISTIAN HOME

*"God setteth the solitary in families."**

SOME years ago I was a guest in an Australian home. It was in the early Summertime when Australia, except in times of drouth, is very beautiful. On the particular morning of which I write, the first morning which I had been privileged to spend in this home, the household, including the invited guests, had breakfasted, and at the call of the host had gathered for family worship.

This was the custom of this household, for the father was an old-fashioned Christian gentleman; far back in his home in Scotland he had grown up in the atmosphere of prayer, and had learned from his own father the importance of being the spiritual head of a family, and had also learned valuable lessons concerning the power of prayer to direct a household and to preserve it in the time of trouble and of need.

Outside the house on this Summer morning all was indescribably beautiful. The Australian sun was shining at its best. The roses climbing the trellis tossed their fragrance through the windows like blessings upon the waiting worshipers, and the

* Psalms 68–6,

singing birds made every listener glad that he had begun another day of glorious living.

But the scene within the house was better than that which was without. Like a patriarch of old, the white-haired father read the Scripture, commenting upon that which he had read. In an old-fashioned way, and with triumphant tone, he lined out the words of the hymn of praise which he had selected, and joined by all he sang it lustily. Then reverently he bowed his knees and offered up a prayer in which he asked that God's protecting care might be vouchsafed throughout the day to all who were kneeling with him.

The names of some who knelt with him and some who were not present, were mentioned in the prayer; he expressed grateful thanks for the sleep of the night which had been given them while all had been beneath God's watchful eye.

Thus the day started; and each one was girded with strength to resist the evil which he might be compelled to face that day, and was begun the day with the consciousness that God was near.

Not long ago the cable bore the news from the other side of the world that this saint of God, called by many "The Grand Old Man of Australia," had journeyed on to the Father's house; but the picture of that morning is ineffaceable, and the influence of that day which began so beautifully is with me still.

It is a great thing to begin a day in this manner. Homes would in every way be better

if the Family Altar were a part of their construction.

Memories of fathers would be much more beautiful and lasting if they were associated with family worship.

Households would be controlled by heavenly influences if the day were started in prayer and lived in the power of the prayers offered.

"What led you to Christ?" was asked of a group of distinguished Christian men. One of them quickly responded, "My father's praying for me at the family altar. At the time the prayers were offered I little appreciated this part of our family life, but the influence of my father's praying followed me until I became a Christian."

The Family Altar is an essential part of every well ordered home.

We would erect an altar, Lord, to Thee;
And here at morning, noon, or evening pray;
Our household gathered at Thy Throne of Grace,
To seek Thy blessing on our unknown way.

Here would we worship Thee, the King of kings,
And own allegiance to Thy sovereign sway,
Here bring our sins and lay them at Thy Cross,
Trusting Thy love to wash them all away.

Here would we come to read our daily chart,
Here, for our duties, strength and grace obtain;
Here find direction for our faltering feet,
And peace to keep us in life's stress and strain.

O that Thy children everywhere, our God,
May in their homes to Thee an altar raise!
For on our land Thy smile again may rest,
If Thou art honored by our prayer and praise.

When a home is builded after God's own plan; when the atmosphere is as He would have it; when the banner over it is love; when those who make up its completed circle are animated by the spirit of Him who always lived for others and never thought of Himself,—then there is nothing on earth quite so much like Heaven as a home: and when a home is heavenly here below, they who live within its sheltering protection do not, as a rule, wander far away from God; or, if they do, they are almost never satisfied until after wandering they turn to seek and find the secret which made the home where once they lived so much like Heaven.

If Heaven and home are so much alike, the teachings concerning the home beyond should bring to us some practical lessons concerning our homes as they are being builded here.

In the Word of God I am told that Heaven is a place of rest. Could anything be more restful than a home where love abides, where peace is always present, where the atmosphere is a blessing, and where those who make up the family circle are striving to be like Christ?

Heaven is a place of completed plans and mysteries solved. How like a home is this, if in the truest sense of the word it is really a home.

We are so often misunderstood by the world; our plans are so frequently disturbed by those about us; but in the home where love is ruling and Christ is in control we are understood, we appreciate the meaning of discipline and know what is to be the final result of trial and disappointment.

Heaven is a place where tears are wiped away. What is more beautiful in an earthly home when one's heart has been aching and one's tears have been flowing, than to have the cause of the sorrow removed; or to have strength imparted by those who make up the family circle which will enable one to live as he ought to live; or to have the tears which are the expression of sorrow, wiped away with loving and sympathetic hand?

Heaven is a place of happy reunions of those who have lived and loved on earth. The sweet communion which we have here and now with those whom we love but faintly illustrates the experiences which await us when time is no more and we are safe upon the other shore.

In the description of Heaven which is given us in the Revelation, it is said that there is no night there, and night is the symbol of ignorance; that there is no sea, and the sea was that which separated John from those whom he had known, and with whom he had worked: in fact, as we study the New Testament, every description of Heaven is typical of what we may have here and now in earthly homes, when God is enthroned in our individual lives, and when all that Jesus taught

is put into practical operation by the members of the household.

"'What is Heaven?' I asked a little child,
'All joy'; and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her care oppressed,
All suffering o'er, 'Oh, Heaven at last is rest.'

I asked the artist who adored his art—
'Heaven is all beauty,' spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet with his soul of fire,
'Tis glory,' and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian waiting his release,
A halo 'round him, low he answered, 'Peace.'

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love."

And everything that Heaven is—our homes may be if we are living according to the teaching of the Word of God.

There are certain conditions which must be met if the home is to fulfill its mission and rightly influence all who dwell within its sacred enclosure. The first condition has to do with atmosphere; is it so easily produced; it is so quickly dissipated. Atmosphere was essential even to Jesus Himself, and He did not work without it. Prayer produced an atmosphere at the grave of Lazarus; for after He had prayed, He spoke, and Lazarus, bound in

his grave clothes, came forth from the tomb alive again.

He came into His own country, and after He had spoken many parables He taught them in their synagogues, and they were astonished at His wisdom and His mighty works: but when they sought to depreciate His wonder-working power by calling Him the carpenter's son, the atmosphere was chilled; and He who had power over death when conditions were right, stood as one bound in speech and limited in the manifestation of His power when the atmosphere was gone.

Is there anything more beautiful than a home when the heavenly atmosphere is present? Atmosphere can make up for the lack of the luxury of wealth and the many comforts which money can buy, but the lack of atmosphere will rob of their charm possessions which are naturally beautiful in themselves.

A harsh word will chill the atmosphere of any home. A critical spirit, a manifestation of impatience, an unfair judgment, an unkind criticism, an undercurrent of restlessness, the absence of affectionate fellowship between husband and wife, the lack of accord between parents and children, the spirit of unfairness in one's dealings with help employed,—these things all conspire to drive away an atmosphere, the presence of which makes a home like Heaven, but the absence of which makes beautiful living most difficult, if not quite impossible.

The lack of atmosphere may be detected at the threshold of the house one is about to enter, and when one has crossed this threshold, no amount of interior decoration, no lavish display of that which money can buy, no forced cheerfulness can take its place, or make up for its absence. It is present in a home when the ideals are high, and these ideals are realized in beautiful living; when kindly words are spoken; when the members of a household live in right relations with each other; when all speed is used to right a wrong or to ask forgiveness for the word which should not have been spoken, or for the deed which should not have been done: most of all, this atmosphere is ever found where He is present, Who being in such a home is the unseen guest and the silent listener to every conversation.

The atmosphere of such a home may be detected in a letter written by a member of such a household, and comes to the reader with all the fragrance of woodland blossoms; it is seen in the life of the man of business who comes from such a home; it is detected in the parents and the children who live in the midst of such surroundings. If it is your privilege to enter such a home, this spirit will greet you as you near the door, salute you as you cross the threshold, bless you while you tarry, and send you away full of gladness because of the privilege which has been yours in such a visit.

There is another condition which must always be kept in mind; that is, that a home is a co-operative organization. Each one who is a member of the household must live for all the others. There is no place for selfishness within this sacred enclosure.

When home is Heaven the members of the family circle never live to themselves alone.

There is the spirit of burden-bearing and of unselfish devotion, and each member of the household must do his share in lifting and loving.

Thoughtlessness here will deprive the home of its sanctity. If one fails to try to make another's pathway easier to travel, another's burdens easier to bear, and to make the sorrow of another lose its sting, there can but be pain and suffering in the presence of such a spirit: not to try to prevent such suffering, or to keep back the blow that would hurt those whom you ought to love, is to be unkind; most of the troubles in a home are due to unkindness, and the fact that this is frequently traced to thoughtlessness makes the act the more unkind.

The husband who forgets to treat his wife with the gentle thoughtfulness and affectionate devotion with which he won her for his bride, is unkind.

The wife who considers it unnecessary to try to hold her husband's love, or make it easier for him to live his life and bear his burdens by using the

same womanly charms which made him love her before they were wed, is unkind.

The children who add one particle of care to the lives of their parents, or the slightest weight to the load which must of necessity be borne by their parents, and this perhaps because they are thoughtless, are unkind.

The parents who do not go out of their way to lift burdens from their children, which burdens may be only imaginary on the part of the child, but are nevertheless quite as trying as if they were real, are unkind, whether they mean to be so or not.

Life is at its best when it is lived for others, and there is no place where the injunction of St. Paul is more needed than in a home,—"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Home is the field where love must bear its best fruit.

Love is quick to detect a need and must be just as quick to supply the need.

Love speaks the word the heart is longing to hear, or wipes away the tear which cannot be kept back.

Love is always on the lookout to quiet a troubled spirit.

Love is always seeking to correct misunderstandings.

Love has an eagle's eye to see a weakness, and remembers, not to reprove, but to strengthen.

Love is always unselfish and always forgiving.

Love forgets an injury and remembers a kindness done.

Love makes the face kindly in its expression, the voice sympathetic, the hand gentle in its touch, the arms strong to lift, the step quick to relieve an embarrassment.

Love keeps on loving when there seems so little that is lovely in the object of one's affection.

Love keeps on helping when the stoutest hearted would grow discouraged.

* "I may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but I have no love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal; I may prophesy, fathom all mysteries and secret lore, I may have such absolute faith that I can move hills from their place, but I have no love, I count for nothing: I may distribute all I possess in charity, I may give up my body to be burnt, but I have no love, I make nothing of it.

"Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears. As for prophesying, it will be superseded; as for 'tongues,' they will cease; as for knowledge, it will be superseded. For we only know bit by bit,

* Moffat's translation of the New Testament.—I Corinthians, 13.

and we only prophesy bit by bit, but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will be superseded. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I argued like a child; now that I am a man I am done with childish ways.

"At present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror, but then it will be face to face, at present I am learning bit by bit, but then I will understand, as all along I have myself been understood. Thus 'faith and hope and love last on, these three,' but the greatest of all is love."

Bind the household together with these principles, an atmosphere to make it healthful, a spirit of cooperation to make it strong, a spirit of love to make it like Heaven, and there is nothing to be compared with it this side of Heaven.

No home is at its best until it is in every way truly Christian.

To make a home Christian there must be the personal acceptance of Christ on the part of the heads of the household, and there must also be the faithful following of His teaching.

An individual life is never what it ought to be until it is lived under His instruction, and the same ideal applies to the life of a household. When Christ is the real head of the family; when His presence is constantly assured; when the spirit of the home not only invites His presence, but makes His tarrying possible: then the days in such a home are "Days of Heaven upon the earth."

When the home is Christian, then the journey

of life is sometimes difficult, but it is traveled triumphantly; then the memory of home is never failing in its influence; then the end of life is beautiful.

Passing through the city of Columbus, Ohio, a few years ago, I went to call upon my honored professor of theology, Dr. E. D. Morris. He had lived his life in a great way. His loyalty to Christ had never been questioned, and his devotion to and defense of God's Word had always been masterful; and, full of years and strong of faith, he was nearing the end.

I asked him to give me some word which I might cherish as his special message, remembering that it had been given in the light of all his years of experience; and with his face turned fairly towards the glory land, without a moment's hesitation he handed me these words which he had written a few days before:

There is no large religion, man, in the chemistry of sod,
He who delves for God in nature will never unearth God.
Nor canst Thou create religion, easier to make a star,
It must flow down upon Thee, from some loftier Life afar.

From that far Life descending, through the shadows, through the mists,

To fulfill our human longing, comes the one
transcendent Christ;
And in His gracious hands, O man, behold a Book
divine,
Truth, wisdom, goodness, love supreme, in every
lustrous line.

He kissed my forehead once, and His supernal
breath,
Forever proved for me each word that this
Immanuel saith;
His saving faith at heart, no mortal stress or
doubting more,
In peace I wait to hear His footsteps at the
open door.

And one day the door opened and this great soul passed out. In one sense it was the end of a beautiful life; in the truest sense it was the beginning of a life for which he had been in preparation for years.

When the father is Christ-like, the mother true, the children considerate, and when the atmosphere of the home is as God intended it should be; then home is Heaven, and as we journey toward the Eternal City we have a Heaven to go to Heaven in.

## II

## REVIVING OLD CUSTOMS

"*And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father.*"*

IN the Old Testament times a well of water was a fortune, and a man was rich not because he had great possession of lands, but because his lands were well watered.

A king who digged a well and started the waters flowing over the parched plain often became quite as famous as if he had built a pyramid.

There are some great wells mentioned in the Bible, and that they are capable of spiritual interpretation is evident from Isaiah, 12th Chapter, second and third verses: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

In the Old Testament we have the wells which were digged by Abraham and which were filled in by his enemies, and then digged again by Isaac his son.

In the New Testament we have Jacob's well,

*Genesis 26-18.

famous for many reasons. It was in the parcel of land which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, and there is a sad story in connection with Jacob's history at this point, for it was here that he stopped on his way back to Bethel, and his stopping suggests a compromise, and a compromise is always a prophecy of defeat, and it was here that Jacob's daughter lost everything which makes a girl's life worth living.

It was to this well also that Jesus came with His disciples, and being wearied He sat on the well curb, and sent His disciples away to buy meat, when they returned to Him He was so interested in dealing with the woman of Samaria that He forgot His hunger and His thirst, and said,—"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

While the disciples were away the woman living in sin came face to face with Jesus, and He talked with her.

With infinite tact He drew from her the story of her life, and then she under His direction looked into her secret life and saw her sin, and with divine skill He showed her the way out of darkness, and she who came to the well a sinner, went away a preacher of good tidings, for she said,—"Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did."

There are two wells which Abraham digged which are specially worthy of note.

The first was the well at Lahai-roi. The name of this well signifies "the well of him that liveth

and seeth me," and this was the secret of Abraham's great life.

He knew that he had followed the guidance of the living God, and he also knew that God's eye was ever upon him, not only searching out his life and detecting its weakness, but also indicating the way along which his feet should travel.

It is very significant, therefore, that after Abraham's death, Isaac his son,—according to the 25th Chapter of Genesis and the 11th verse,—came and dwelt by the well Lahai-roi.

Another well is the well of Beersheba. The name of this well signifies "the well of the oath or the covenant," and if studied carefully it will be found that at this well a profound impression was made upon Abraham's life, which was not without its influence upon the life of his son Isaac, for after Abraham's death:

*"The Lord appeared unto him, and said, Go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of: Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee, and unto thy seed, I will give all these countries, and I will perform the oath which I sware unto Abraham thy father.

"Then Isaac soweth in that land, and received in the same year an hundredfold: and the Lord blessed him. And the man waxed great and went forward, and grew until he became very great: For he had possession of flocks, and possession of

* Genesis 26:12–15.

herds, and great store of servants: and the Philistines envied him. For all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them, and filled them with earth."

And it was when Isaac realized that these wells had been filled in by his father's enemies that, *"Isaac departed thence, and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and dwelt there. And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them."

Isaac does not always show off to advantage in much of his story written in the Old Testament Scriptures, and largely for the reason that he stands between Abraham and Jacob, and he is in the shadow, first because of what Abraham was, and second, because of what Jacob became. But while there were certain things about Isaac which do not seem to provoke our admiration, yet the sum of his life is worth while, and his story is more than interesting and is very profitable.

Isaac tried to dig some wells of his own. For example,—in the 26th Chapter of Genesis, and the 20th and 21st verses we read: "And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours: and he called the name of the well Esek; because they strove with him.

*Genesis 26:17-18.

And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it Sitnah."

The name of the first well signified "strife," and the name of the second well signified "hatred," and if these two wells are put in contrast with the wells digged by Abraham, it will be found that Isaac did not improve upon his father's customs, and what a lesson that is for those of us who live in these modern times.

We sometimes think we can make an improvement over old-fashioned customs which were once in operation and were much used in the control of family life, and so we give our children more of what we call "liberty."

We do not insist that they be amenable to old-time teaching such as governed our own lives.

The Lord's day for them is a time of merry-making and so-called pleasure, and we congratulate ourselves that we have broken away from the old customs which meant practically the whole day in the church, and the time not spent in the church devoted to serious thinking and conversation.

We have taken the Bible from its place of respect and reverence, and while we in the olden times were compelled to read it, and to commit it to memory, we have released our children from this obligation, and just as we were about to congratulate ourselves upon the change wrought in modern times, we began to reap our harvests and they have surely distressed us.

Our children are lacking in respect for things

sacred and solemn. Discounting the value of the Lord's day, their characters have become weakened. Ignorant of the teaching of God's Word they have in too many cases brought sorrow and, in some cases, shame to our lives.

In the early history of the church God's Word played no small part in the development of his people, and they who first began to follow Christ as a teacher and leader were faithful in the study of this word.

It would be a fine thing if some modern homes were reconstructed according to the old-fashioned plans, and this illustration of Isaac digging again the wells of water which were digged in the days of Abraham, is well worth our study.

Let us insist upon a better representation of Jesus Christ. In the old days we used to see Christ reflected in the lives of our parents, and many a man today thinks back over his boyhood's experience, and remembers that his father was his hero and gave him a true picture of Christ as he conceived him to be.

If our homes are right there must be a better observance of the Lord's day. It seems an interesting thing in these modern times to travel in automobiles over beautiful country roads and rejoice in the sunshine of a summer day, but the neglect of the proper observance of the Lord's day has always weakened character, and with character weakened an ideal home life is quite out of the question.

There must be a better church attendance. One of the most serious things in modern life is the disposition to neglect the church of Christ. The golf course, the automobile trip, the tennis court, the social engagement, have crowded out the church, and even though the minister be prosy, and the church service be dull, no person desiring the best for his life can afford to neglect the house of God.

In the old-fashioned days the hitching racks outside the churches were filled with teams which had been used to carry the family to the Lord's house, and the old-time pews were occupied by father, mother, and all the children, and the day was better, and life was happier, and homes then were more like Heaven, and much as we chafed then under what we then called restraints, we are now obliged to say, if we are honest, that the old days were more to be desired than these in which we live at the present time.

It is necessary that there should be better home living. And as Isaac digged again the wells of his father, it would be a great thing if we who live today could dig again the well of family worship.

If Abraham's well, Lahai-roi, meant "the well of him that liveth and seeth me," and if his well, Beersheba, meant "the well of the oath or the covenant," why would it not be a good thing to realize in these modern times that God still lives and that His eye is upon us, and therefore why not enter into covenant with Him so to live in our

homes, so to direct and control our households, that we may present our families an unbroken circle unto Him, when life's journey is ended and we stand face to face with Him.

Family worship has always exercised a great influence in the household and upon society generally.

* "The daily worship of the household is of early origin. The Hebrew patriarchs builded their altars where they pitched their tents, and there called on the name of the Lord. The disciples of Jesus in earlier Christian times had 'the church in the home.' It has a natural foundation and reason, in the unity of the family, the close and tender relations of the household, and the sanctity and love of the Christian home; suggesting and inviting the family acknowledgment of mercies and petitions for Divine presence and blessing. Upon the family altar, continued through the ages, has always rested the blessing of God.

"It honors God, the giver of all good, the source of all happiness. It makes the home a sanctuary for God's dwelling. It binds the household together in a more hallowed love. It pleads the grace of covenant promise. It instructs and unites all hearts in the truth and love of Christ. It builds a wall of defense against the error and evil of the world around us. It bears witness of God, our Saviour to the stranger within our gates.

* Quoted from some one whose name I cannot find.

It devotes the day to the highest service and sweetens all the hours. It plants in every heart sacred memories to be profitable and happy in all the following years. It brings down from Heaven that blessing of God which maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.

"In the haste and strain of our daily lives, we may find it difficult to so order our own time, and to keep the family together; but it is a thousand times worth the restraint in our haste, and the firm and patient holding all together for the few minutes to be spent at the altar. All the day will be better and happier, and all the household will be safer when commended to God's guidance and care. Nothing will be lost in time when all our time belongs to God, and great riches will be gained for eternity."

"It is a commonplace of education these days that to produce any sort of character in children they must be surrounded with an environment—an atmosphere—redolent of the sort of manhood and womanhood that they are expected to grow into.

"No matter what good ideals are taught to the boys and girls, they will not hold to anything that is not put into some concrete effect directly before their eyes.

"This applies to religion particularly. There are comparatively few parents who do not want their children to be religious in some degree—at least to the extent of feeling answerable to God for clean conduct.

"But that desire is cancelled in a sad number of homes because the children never see any sign that the parents themselves really take God into account. Even professedly Christian fathers and mothers live out their lives in the presence of their sons and daughters without any observance taken that they are themselves relying personally and daily on the heavenly Father's aid.

"And what becomes of the children in such families? Except in the rare cases where some extra powerful outside influence submerges the influence of the home, the boys and girls grow up callously Godless in life, if not in professed sentiment. Such is the logical effect of a home with no God-atmosphere."

Family worship is not only a duty, but it is a household necessity, and every head of a household should so consider it.

"What would you say to family worship as a family lubricant? Is there any household that does not need something of that sort—a bit of oil to make the bearings run smooth when home problems appeal one way to the husband and another way to the wife? It is an experienced fact, which anybody can test out, that these inevitable differences of opinion are vastly less liable to irritate when husband and wife have begun the day by praying together. Naturally the best time to take up that habit, in order to get full benefit of it, is right at the outset of establishing a home. And there ought really never to be a marriage

where immediate fellowship in prayer is impossible."

"What will put the God-atmosphere back into the home? Nothing else so surely as invariable habits of family prayer. Where every day father and mother read with the children some portion of God's Word, and then kneel down and pray God to help them and their boys and girls to live pleasingly before Him that day, the whole household is brought right under the solemn eye of Heaven. 'Thou God seest me' comes up from being a childish text to say out of the Bible and stands forth as a bodied and tangible fact connected inseparably with play and work and living.

"And if such impressions are repeated steadily through the long childhood years, they will remain unerasable in adult life.

"Not only is it easy to foresee such effect, but many people are ready today to say that family prayer in their childhood homes has held them in just this fashion.

"Many, moreover, will testify that when they had wandered a long way from straight lines of right, the recollection of prayers in the old home was the main thing that turned them back. Now, on the strength of all these things,—if family prayer is any safeguard at all for the boys and girls growing up in our homes, we dare not neglect to adopt the custom."

I am quite sure that one reason why so many shrink from holding family worship is this: they

do not feel that they are able to make a sufficiently long and intelligent prayer, and they feel they are too busy to read any extended lesson from the Scriptures. One reason why the children in a household find family prayers uninteresting is this: the prayers are too indefinite and sometimes too meaningless, while the reading of the Scriptures is too long-drawn out, and the passages selected too inappropriate to the occasion. Why not in such homes have family worship something like this: Let the family assemble around the breakfast table, let the head of the household read two or three verses of Scripture; or, better still, have a New Testament at each plate and read one verse each as the lesson. Then with heads bowed, if the father or mother could do no more than just to say,—"Our Father, bless our household today. Take care of our children, protect them in the time of danger, help them in their work and in their play. Bless their father and their mother and keep us all an unbroken family circle, until we are safe home with Thee. Amen." Such a prayer could be easily offered and it would be impressive to the smallest child.

If family worship is established in a home, it will be found that the following results will be apparent in that home.

The father and the mother will be truer to Christ, for it will be quite impossible to pray in the presence of one's children and then to live inconsistent lives.

It will also be true that the children will have a sweeter and better memory of the home, and if it be true that the father is able to provide few of the luxuries of life, he will make up for the absence of these things by the fact that he has put into his child's memory the consciousness that Christ was real in his early home, and that His influence was always felt, not only in time of sunshine, but quite as effectively when the shadows fell across the family life. In these days of stress and strain it is worth everything to a youth, or a man or woman of middle life, to have a memory that can hold when everything else has failed.

"The New York *Caledonian* recently had the following incident taken from the 'Kilmarnock Standard.' At heart, Scotsmen are all religiously inclined; in times of stress and storm they turn towards God. 'There was an incident in a historic church in Ayr recently,' the article runs, 'that I think you would like to be told. The war lies very near to the heart of the present time, and, whether the heart is the seat of the emotions or not, the wellsprings of the emotions are very sympathetic with it. The congregation had already sung that beautiful little Psalm, the 121st, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes" to the tune of "French." The Psalm and the tune go together. They always do. The one is simple and the other is simple, and the flowing measure of the tune suffices to bring out the beauties of the Psalm. Nearly every Scottish child knows "I to the hills.".

It takes rank with "The Lord's my Shepherd," and "All people that on earth do dwell."

" 'The Lord thee keeps; the Lord's thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite
Nor yet the sun by day.
The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep forever will.' "

"The congregation sung the Psalm. It went warwards to a young Highlander who had been wounded in a recent battle and lay stretched on the field. Somewhere in the north of Scotland he had learned 'I to the hills' in Gaelic, and of course, the Gaelic version of it was as sweet to him as ours is to us. He began to sing the old Psalm, and out over the field his singing reached as far as his voice would carry. One can imagine the effect upon the wounded Scots lying around. It was childhood and the days of youth over again; it was the enshrinement of memories and associations; it was a present help in the day of trouble. Then came by a Scottish regiment marching, and the men heard it, and felt it; and one of them, on his way back from the conflict, noted the spot from which the sound proceeded. At night he went back to look for the singer. All was quiet. The stars were shining down. The rage of battle had ceased. The Highlander wandered backwards

and forwards looking for the singer, who had ceased to sing and lay quiet. So the searcher raised his own voice. 'Sing it again, laddie,' he called out; 'sing it again!' And the 'laddie,' hearing, responded, and sang on till the searcher found him and carried him back to the base. And now he is once more at home, wounded, and in the North Countrie. He had not slumbered who kept him. 'Let us sing the Psalm again,' concluded the minister. The organ rolled out the old tune, but when the time came for the voices to join there were very few that were able to do it."

Having family worship in the home is one of the very best ways I know to lead children to accept Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

Children at times may seem to be indifferent. They may seem to resent the exercising of a religious influence in the household, but God keeps His Word when He declares that the promise is unto you, and unto your children, and through the long years that stretch out from a childhood influenced by family worship, God continues to work until prayers offered years ago are answered; the wandering ones are sought and found, and the unsaved turn to Christ as a Saviour.

It is a sad thing to start well and then fail; to establish a home with a family altar and then allow the stress and strain of life to crowd the family out.

In the autobiography of John G. Paton, the great missionary to the New Hebrides Islands

writes concerning his own home life as a lad, and tells how profoundly he was influenced by his father's prayers.

"Our home consisted of a 'but' and a 'ben' and a 'mid-room,' or chamber, called the 'closet.' The one end was my mother's domain and served all the purposes of dining-room and kitchen and parlor, besides containing two large wooden erections, called by our Scotch peasantry 'box-beds'; not holes in the wall, as in cities, but grand, big airy beds, adorned with many colored counterpanes and hung with natty curtains, showing the skill of the mistress of the house. The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six 'stocking frames,' whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet, and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants at Hawick and Dumfries. The 'closet' was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene. This was the sanctuary of that little cottage. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and 'shut to the door'; and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the High Priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if

for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know, but we knew, whence came that happy light as of a new-born smile that always was dawning on my father's face: it was a reflection from the Divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived. Never, in the temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattles. Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once again in that Sanctuary Closet, and, hearing still the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal, 'He walked with God, why may not I?' "

Paying a tribute to his father, Dr. Paton says:

"And so began in his seventeenth year that blessed custom of Family Prayer, morning and evening, which my father practised probably without one single omission till he lay on his death-bed, seventy-seven years of age; when, even to the last day of his life, a portion of Scripture was read, and his voice was heard softly joining in the Psalm, and his lips breathed the morning and evening Prayer,—falling in sweet benediction on the heads of all his children, far away many of

them over all the earth, but all meeting him there at the Throne of Grace. None of us can remember that any day ever passed unhallowed thus; no hurry for market, no rush to business, no arrival of friends or guests, no trouble or sorrow, no joy or excitement, ever prevented at least our kneeling around the family altar, while the High Priest led our prayers to God, and offered himself and his children there. And blessed to others, as well as to ourselves, was the light of such example! I have heard that, in long after years, the worst woman in the village of Torthorwald, then leading an immoral life, but since changed by the grace of God, was known to declare, that the only thing that kept her from despair and from the hell of the suicide, was when in the dark winter nights she crept close up underneath my father's window, and heard him pleading in family worship that God would convert 'the sinner from the error of wicked ways and polish him as a jewel for the Redeemer's crown.' 'I felt,' said she, 'that I was a burden on that good man's heart, and I knew that God would not disappoint him. That thought kept me out of Hell, and at last led me to the only Saviour.' "

I can think of no greater need today than that we should have more parents of the old-fashioned sort. The modern mother so taken up with affairs outside her home, so occupied with social engagements, so tired with all the stress of modern life, that she must delegate many of her motherly

duties and privileges to others, is not to be compared with the old-fashioned mother who taught her children to pray, who read God's Word to them, or told them Bible stories, and who often sang them to sleep, when only the music of her voice could quiet them.

No mother can afford to shirk the duties and privileges of motherhood. When mothers are as God intended they should be, there is real beauty of character, than which nothing can be more compelling.

The fathers too must be true, and Christ-like. And when both together are as God intended they should be, then Home is Heaven.

## III

## A PERSONAL QUESTION

*"How shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?"**

THE Scripture above quoted is a part of a great Bible story. It is an illustration of the fact that in the plan and purpose of God all things work together for good to them that honor and love Him. It is a part of the story of Joseph and his brethren, with which we are all so familiar. Joseph's story is well worth studying, and especially the part which he plays in connection with the coming of his brethren to the court of Egypt. Loved by his father, hated by his brethren, sold by them into the hands of his enemies, and at last becoming a great ruler in the kingdom, he is at once an illustration of our Lord Himself, and if for no other reason than this we should study his story with greatest care.

Egypt is a marvelous country. It is vibrant with interest throughout its entire borders. It is the Land of the Nile, on the banks of which we find the tombs of the kings, and as these tombs are opened today, not only is Egyptian history confirmed, but incidentally much confirmation is given

*Genesis 44–34.

to certain direct statements which are made in the Word of God. It is the land where once stood the marvelous Temple of Luxor, a temple so wonderful that even after the lapse of centuries, it amazes us and travelers have journeyed from all parts of the world to study its ruins which in their grandeur can hardly be surpassed.

To visit Egypt today is to be thrilled; to have seen Egypt in the days of its royal splendor would have been to be well nigh overwhelmed. Into all this magnificence Joseph was ushered as the second ruler of the kingdom.

In the land where dwelt Jacob and his sons a famine was raging. So intense are the sufferings of the people that Jacob sends his ten sons over into Egypt to buy corn. Benjamin he keeps with him because his heart is still sore on account of the loss of Joseph, and if Benjamin should be lost to him, his heart would break indeed. When these ten brothers came into the presence of Joseph, while they did not recognize him, he knew them, although to hide his feelings he spoke roughly to them. He told them that they were spies, and when he had asked if they had yet another brother at home, he told them that they could prove their genuineness only by bringing their youngest brother with them, if they came again for corn, and in order that they might come again, Joseph kept Simeon by his side.

When the brothers returned to their father and told him the condition which must be met if more

corn is to be secured, namely, that Benjamin should go to see this ruler in Egypt, Jacob cried out saying: "Me ye have bereft of my children, Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me." The famine was sore and the need increasingly great and they must have more corn or they will starve, and so Judah, one of the sons, makes this plea to his father. To send Benjamin with them.

* "I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame forever."

On the strength of this plea Jacob permits Benjamin to depart, and when the brothers stood again in the presence of Joseph, he asked concerning their father, and when he heard that he was yet alive, he wept bitterly.

The sacks were filled with corn, and unknown to the brothers, a silver cup was placed in the sack of Benjamin. When they started home one of the stewards of the palace followed them and found the cup in Benjamin's sack. He was taken back to Joseph to answer for this supposed theft. And when it appeared that he would not be permitted to return to their father that Judah makes his remarkable appeal to Joseph, which is as follows:

† "Oh my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee,

* Genesis, 43–9.
† Genesis, 44: 18–34.

speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh.

"My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother?

"And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him.

"And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.

"And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die.

"And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.

"And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord.

"And our father said, Go again, and buy us a little food.

"And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.

"And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons:

"And the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since;

"And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life;

"It shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave.

"For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.

"Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren.

"For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? Lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father."

There are two thoughts which must ever come before us as we read this story; the first, what we sow we shall reap. Jacob deceived his father, and his sons deceived him. The second thought is,—it would be a good thing if we who are Christians, and especially we who are parents, could have as great a feeling of responsibility for those about us as Judah had for Benjamin, when he said, "How shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?"

We cannot shirk this responsibility, and if we

fail we shall be called to an account before God. It is said that the power of a force is never lost. Toss a stone into the ocean and a wave of force is started which goes on and on and is not lost. Build a fire in your fireplace and the flames will clap their hands as the wood is being consumed, and the coals will become red, and the ashes white, and the fire will die out, but the heat is not lost.

So it is with influence. What we do lives on through time and eternity. What we fail to do will meet us one day at the judgment seat of Christ. What a responsibility it is to have about us those whom we might influence for Christ, and whom, alas, too often, we fail to influence.

In the throne room of one of the palaces across the sea some of the crown jewels are exposed to view without the presence of a guard in the room. It would seem as if one might easily take these jewels, for there would be none present to hinder, but around the edge of the table plays a strong electric current, and the hand that reaches out for the jewels would be paralyzed, so the jewels are quite safe. And great as may be the responsibility for the presence of children in a home, there is a way to keep them. It is mightier than any electric current, and they are far safer when thus protected than were the crown jewels, for underneath and round about are the everlasting arms.

It is necessary that we should have the spirit which Judah expresses in his plea to Joseph,

because our children and our friends out of Christ are in danger.

I one day passed a mother standing upon the steps of a Philadelphia home. She was crying bitterly. A policeman came to ask her the cause of her trouble. A crowd quickly gathered, and with broken utterance the mother said, "My child was in the park with her nurse; the nurse's attention was drawn away from her for a few moments, and the child is missing." Over and over she kept saying, "She is lost, she is lost!" No wonder is it that she was in tears.

I approached a woman deeply moved in a church meeting I was holding. She was not concerned for herself, for she was a Christian, but after a considerable time of waiting she told me that she had been engaged to be married to a young man who had died but recently, and that he was not a Christian. Over and over she kept saying, "I never warned him, I never warned him." If we could but realize how much it means to one who is not a Christian to accept Him, it would be impossible for us to be indifferent.

As soon as we become possessed of Judah's spirit we must be in earnest.

A North Carolina farmer came driving one day into a town. He was in an old-fashioned covered wagon. He left his horses standing outside the store but a few moments, when someone shouted to him that his horses were running away. He rushed from the store quickly, and springing for-

ward was just in time to catch the lines that were dragging on the ground. The horses ran so furiously that he was thrown to the ground and was dragged for a considerable distance. By tremendous effort as he sprang to his feet he caught the spokes of the hind wheel and being again thrown to the ground was stunned by the fall. Finally the horses were caught. They were brought back to the man just recovering consciousness, and someone said to him, "Why did you do this? What made you take so great a risk? This old wagon and the horses were not worth imperiling your life." In answer the farmer walked to the rear of the wagon, lifted up the curtain showing a little four-year-old boy who, in spite of the running of the horses, was still asleep on the straw in the bottom of the wagon. The farmer pointed at the sleeping boy; he did not need to say,—"that is the reason." I am quite persuaded that did we know the danger to all who are away from Christ, we would be concerned.

There are special times of opportunity for winning others to Christ. When one is in trouble his heart is tender, and it is a good time to speak. When the city or community are stirred spiritually, the people are thoughtful, and this is a great time to make an appeal. When others are coming to Christ, confession of Christ is made easier. When death has entered the family circle, the effect of death is always solemnizing. It is a sad thing to allow such providences to pass and become a mem-

ory and not take advantage of them to speak for Christ. As a matter of fact, people are always far more willing to heed an appeal than we imagine. It is not a question as to whether those to whom we should speak are young or old; we are alike responsible for them. Childhood is a great time to come to Christ. Polycarp, Matthew Henry, Jonathan Edwards, the immortal Watts, all came to Christ in childhood. Many of the men and women who are today the pillars of the church came to Christ in childhood. The majority of the Sunday School teachers, the church officers, and the very large majority of the ministers in the church, came to Christ in the time of youth. It is a very great mistake to allow one to pass out of the experience of childhood without an invitation to come to Christ, for as the years increase, the tides of the world become stronger and it is more and more difficult for them to yield to an appeal.

The aged may come to Christ. When I was preaching in Australia the meetings were being conducted in the city of Brisbane in the State of Queensland. One of our workers met an old man on the street. He had been a sea captain, but because of his age he had retired from the sea and was living on Flinders Island which is off the coast of the mainland of Australia. A package sent over to him on the Island was wrapped in a piece of newspaper. This piece of newspaper had in it an account of the services which were in

progress on the mainland, and he determined to attend the meetings in order that he might find Christ. He started from the Island to the mainland in an open boat. Because of heavy seas he was a day and a night in crossing. Meeting there one of our workers he asked for the Americans who were conducting services, and in less than an hour the way of salvation had been made so plain to him that he accepted his Saviour. He did not go back to Flinders Island, he remained in the North of Australia, going from person to person on the street, in places of business and in the homes, seeking to persuade them to become Christians, for said he, "I have missed so much time I must make up for it now." One day the message came from Australia that the old sea captain was dead. He had gone out one cold night to help an aged man like himself, caught cold, pneumonia set in and soon he was dead. This old sea captain said in his testimony that in all his life he had never been invited to become a Christian but once, and this was when he was in India. His ship had stopped at one of the ports and he was standing on the platform of a railway station, when a Salvation Army officer stepped up to him and said, "Please, sir, are you a Christian?" And said the old sea captain, "Her face was so bright, her voice so full of evident interest in my soul, that I wanted to tell her of my spiritual need, but before I could answer the train was moving, and I was obliged to leave." For years he had longed to be a Christian

and no one had spoken to him, and there are thousands like him.

It is beautiful to know that when the aged have Christ as a Saviour He is always specially tender with them, and of all the people I know they can least afford to be without Him, for when earthly friends pass away, He only comes the nearer and is the dearer.

An old man past eighty was called to mourn the death of his wife. They had lived together for almost sixty years. He was asked by a friend if he was not very lonely, and his quick reply was:

"Lonely? No, not lonely
While Jesus standeth by,
His presence fills my chamber,
I know that He is nigh.

Helpless? Yes, so helpless,
But I am leaning hard,
On the mighty arm of Jesus,
And He is keeping guard.

Happy? Yes, so happy,
With joy too deep for words,
A precious, sure foundation,
A joy that is the Lord's."

If the question is asked, "How may we lead others to Christ, our children, our friends, our employes, or the stranger within our gates," the answer is an easy one.

Live consistently; this is of the very greatest importance. It is a sad thing to have one's lips sealed because the life has been inconsistent. If there has been inconsistency, why not ask forgiveness for it and start over again? It requires real courage to make confession of failure, but a sincere and honest acknowledgment of this sort is one of the truest weapons which God places in our hands with which we may win our friends.

Choose a favorable time to speak. In one of the Brooklyn Sunday Schools a boy confessed Christ as his Saviour and desired to unite with the church. The pastor asked him when he had decided to become a Christian, he said, "Last Sunday, sir. My teacher spoke to me, and after Sunday School suggested that I should go with her to Prospect Park, we sat on one of the seats in the park, and she told me of her interest in me, she bowed her head and prayed for me, and then and there, sir, I determined to be a Christian." There is a great host of such boys waiting to be spoken to. The parents should be the first to speak, but if the parents fail, someone should be ready to make up for their failure.

Prayer is a mighty force by means of which the unsaved may be turned to God. Many a mother has prayed her boy into the Kingdom, although the sea has separated them. Many a father has led his household to Christ, although he died before he knew that his words would bear fruit. A personal appeal is great; a testimony is well worth while,

but prayer is the mightiest force with which God has entrusted us. It would be a sad thing to be too late in the appeal.

An officer in a boy's school in the West had determined to speak to one of the students who was mischievous and wilful, and who needed Christ, but he kept putting it off until one day an excited student rushed into his office to say, "Doctor, Frank has just broken through the ice where he was skating, come quickly," they reached the boy too late, and to this day this Christian man keeps saying, "O, if I had only been in time, if I had only been in time."

Better start with the child when it takes its first step or speaks its first word. It is barely possible that one may be too old to respond to such an appeal,—and yet I hardly think so, but one cannot be too young if the appeal is followed with Christian nurture and earnest prayer. It would be a good thing to take the Scripture which is at the beginning of this chapter and make it read: "How shall I go up to my father and my husband be not with me?" "How shall I go up to my father and my wife be not with me?" "How shall I go up to my father and my child be not with me?" "How shall I go up to my father and my friend be not with me?"

In an afternoon service in a New England city, a woman rose in the crowded church, and greatly to my annoyance, and that of the people whom she disturbed, she passed out of the building. That

evening I learned that this scripture which has been quoted went like an arrow into her soul, for she had one boy. He was in high school and she realized that afternoon that she had never invited him to be a Christian. So she left the service, went to the high school building, waited for her boy to come out, led him a little distance from the other boys and said to him, "My son, I have just listened to a text of Scripture which has stirred me through and through. It was this: 'How shall I go up to father and the lad be not with me?' And my son I am a Christian, and I have never asked you to be one, and I could not wait until you reached home, so I came to find you here and ask you to come now." And he did come, for what boy would not come under such circumstances.

It is when the life is true and is wholly yielded to Christ that it has the greatest influence.

A perfumer bought a common earthen jar and filled it with attar of roses. Soon every particle of the substance of the jar was filled with the rich perfume, and long afterwards, and even when broken, the fragments retained the fragrance. So it is that a human life becomes saturated with the Word of God, when one loves it and meditates upon it continually. The thoughts, feelings, affections, dispositions, indeed the whole character are influenced by the spirit of the Bible. Such a filling of the heart and memory with the pure word of God is the best way to prepare

for any future day of darkness into which the life may pass. It is like hanging up a hundred lamps while the light of day yet shines, to be ready to pour down their soft beams the moment the daylight fades.

A mother's memory filled with God's promises; a mother's life ordered according to God's Word; a mother's lips telling the story of the Saviour's love: could anything be more beautiful?

But when the mother fails, when she shirks her responsibility, when she seeks to place upon other shoulders the burdens, which she herself should bear; could anything be sadder?

Interwoven with the history of the semi-tropic isles of Australia are many tragic stories which do not often appear in print. An old resident on Thursday Island told a friend of mine the following sad story, which he in turn has sent to me.

"A mother living on Hammond Island became aware that her two children were suffering from leprosy in its initial stages. Unwilling to be parted from her boy and girl, she concealed the fact of their fell disease, and in this she was aided by the friendly doctor who visited them, and the husband and father who guarded the dread secret with his wealth. But secrets of such a deadly nature are difficult to hide. It is common knowledge on the islands now that the mother, in her blind love for the little boy and girl, sent them to the public school on Thursday Island, half hoping, half believing that they had recovered,

and entirely overlooking the danger to other children.

"How the secret leaked out, and the arm of the law began to move; how the anxious father approached the government, offering to buy up one of the smaller islands and to completely isolate himself and his family if they might be permitted to retain the children; how the government, inexorable as such machinery usually is, refused to grant his request on the ground that it would establish a dangerous precedent,—these are details in the tragedy that went step by step to its inevitable climax.

"Before the law could operate, the mother, half-frantic with grief, escaped with the children to Sydney. For twelve months she remained in hiding in that city, daily expecting discovery, hourly dreading it. Then the blow fell. One day, by accident, the police discovered her, and taking the little boy and girl sent them to the leper colony. The woman, bereft and heartbroken, returned to her husband.

"Sad as it is, the story would be a nicer one if I might end it here. But I am recounting facts as they were related to me by one who followed the case throughout. Soon curiosity was manifested as to how these children of apparently healthy parentage had been infected by leprosy. Medical inquiries were made, and it was ascertained that the mother, unwilling to fulfill

the duties of motherhood and not caring to have her social life hampered when the children were born, had secured a South Sea Island woman to suckle the babies and thus they had contracted the disease."

It is quite necessary for the sake of our homes that old-fashioned fathers should be more in evidence.

Fathers who pray with their children—

Fathers who explain to their children the teachings of the Bible—

Fathers who urge their children to accept Christ as a Saviour—

Fathers who warn their children concerning dangers ahead of them—

Fathers who walk in fellowship with Christ and are themselves the exemplification of what they teach their children—

Fathers who, when life's journey is ended, go home to God triumphantly.

To all such I would say, life's journey may soon end. Then run well life's race. It may be soon that you will hear His call; then live so that even the unexpected summons may not disturb you. It is a great thing to have one's lamp trimmed and burning.

"Some day I'll hear the Pilot call,
'Twill be for me;
Then I shall leave my earthly all,
And put to sea.

Mourn not for me when I set sail,
Time's harbor leave;
I'll anchor safe within the vale,
So do not grieve.

If near me when on surging tide,
I do embark;
Mind not the clouds which seem to hide;
'Twill not be dark.

Light shineth just beyond the bar,
Eternal mourn,
And from this shore it is not far
To Heaven's bourne."

## IV

## HOME PROTECTION

*"Bind this line of scarlet thread in the window."**

THERE is great sorrow in one of the homes in Jericho, not because the members of the family circle are feeling the pinch of poverty, for it has frequently been true that the poorest homes are the happiest, and yet there is no reason why one may not be possessed of large wealth and at the same time be loyal and devoted to Jesus Christ. I know of many homes where wealth abounds where Christ is always a welcome guest, and where His gracious influence is unhindered.

At the same time there are homes without number where the exterior is plain, where the interior, so far as furnishings are concerned, is not much to be desired; where the neighborhood is also undesirable, but where the atmosphere is like Heaven, because Christ is welcome there and the lives of the members of the household are ordered according to His teaching.

He who is at the head of such a household rarely thinks of his home that he does not have a vision of angels encamped about it, and ladders,

*Joshua 2:18.

like Jacob's ladder of old, let down to every pillow in the house.

Children in such homes grow to manhood and womanhood and, as a rule, go forth to establish for themselves what the world would call "better homes," yet they never forget the place where their father toiled, and where their mother loved and sang, so let it not be forgotten that the fact of poverty does not of necessity mean the presence of distress.

The trouble in this home in Jericho was due to the fact that a daughter had gone away in sin. Could anything be worse than this? There are homes today where there are skeletons in the closet, where there is a memory of a boy whose story is not often told, where there is a remembrance of a girl whose name is rarely, if ever, spoken; but the father and the mother do not forget and their hairs have been whitened before the time, and they themselves have prematurely aged because of their suffering.

In the autobiography of John G. Paton he tells the story told of an old Scotch mother. Her son Walter had gone away from home, in prosecution of his calling, had corresponded with her from various counties in England, and then had suddenly disappeared; and no sign came to her, whether he was dead or alive. The mother-heart in her clung to the hope of his return; every night she prayed for that happy event, and before closing the door, threw it wide open, and peered into the

darkness with a cry,—"Come hame, my boy Walter, your mither wearies sair"; and every morning, at early break of day, for a period of more than twenty years, she toddled up from her cottage door at Johnsfield, Lockerbie, to a little round hill, called the "Corbie-Dykes," and gazing with tear-filled eyes towards the South for the form of her returning boy, prayed the Lord God to keep him safe and restore him to her yet again. Always, as I think upon that scene, my heart finds consolation in reflecting that if not here, then for certain there, such deathless longing love will be rewarded, and, rushing into long-delayed embrace, will exclaim, "The lost is found."

I have wondered if the father and mother of Rahab may not have gone forth to look for her in the same way. I am quite sure that while they looked and waited their hearts must have ached.

Jericho has always been an interesting city. Not far away is the magnificent valley so filled with historical interest, back of the city the mountains lifting their heads towards the sky, mountains up whose sides famous travelers have journeyed. Not so very far distant is the sea which has so much to do with God's ancient people, then there was the river which, from its starting place in the mountains, all the way through to the end of its journey, speaks of God and of His ancient people.

Jericho was a doomed city, yet so long a time had passed between the pronouncement of the

doom and the falling of judgment that the people had become thoughtless and indifferent. Let it not be forgotten, however, that God's delayed judgments are not God's failure to execute judgments.

For example,—Reuben sinned when he was young, and forty-three years afterwards he paid the penalty.

Joseph's brethren lied to their father, and twenty-three years later their sin was their undoing.

Joab killed Abner, and not until thirty-four years had passed did he pay the penalty. Years before judgment had been pronounced upon the land where Jericho was located, and the judgment came after the lapse of years; it is in connection with this judgment that the Scripture above referred to is found.

The people were buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage and forgetting God, and all the time God was preparing to bring His armies forward and to lead them against this doomed city.

The people of Jericho heard of Israel and the plagues which had fallen upon Egypt, and they were interested, but not moved to action.

Later on they heard of God's people moving out from Egypt. They were told of the pillar of cloud and of fire, and again they were interested, but they did not act, neither did they repent.

One day the story was brought to them that under the direction of a great leader by the name

of Moses, these people had reached the shores of the Red Sea, and that the waters were parted before them, and between what seemed like solid banks of crystal they passed to the other side of the sea, and under the influence of this information they may almost have repented, but again they turned to pleasure and to sin.

For many years they heard nothing of Israel and all the time their indifference increased. They were told that Moses was dead, and they took another plunge into sin, their hearts were the more hardened, and all the time their judgment day is drawing near.

There was one woman in Jericho who feared the Lord. Her name was Rahab. She dwelt in a house on the wall of Jericho. It was to her that two spies from Israel came, and her fear of God worked repentance, for when the crowds outside of her house cried out, saying,—"Bring forth the men that are come to thee which are entered into thine house," then the woman took the two men and hid them and she started the mob off on a false trail, and when the opportunity came for the escape of the spies, by means of the rope which she put around them, she spoke to them saying:

* "Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the Lord, since I have showed you kindness, that ye will also show kindness unto my father's house, and give me a true token:

*Joshua 2 : 12–18.

"And that ye will save alive my father, and my mother, and my brethren, and my sisters, and all that they have, and deliver our lives from death.

"And the men answered her, Our life for yours, if ye utter not this our business. And it shall be, when the Lord hath given us the land, that we will deal kindly and truly with thee.

"Then she let them down by a cord through the window: for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall.

"And she said unto them, Get you to the mountains, lest the pursuers meet you; and hide yourselves there three days, until the pursuers be returned: and afterward may ye go your way.

"And the men said unto her, We will be blameless of this thine oath which thou hast made us swear.

"Behold, when we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by: and thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household, home unto thee."

This scarlet cord in the window meant safety not only for Rahab, but for all within her house.

Let us go back to the home in Jericho which is in sorrow because of Rahab's absence.

I can imagine the father and the mother sitting together in the light of the dying day, and as they were accustomed to do, thinking of Rahab; when suddenly they imagine they hear her step, and they start forth to greet her, only to be disappointed

again, but they never gave her up, and they did well.

If there is a skeleton in the closet of the home and it is there because the sad failure or the going away of some loved one, do not give them up. God's mercy is boundless; He loves the wanderer more tenderly than we.

D. L. Moody used to tell the story of his being at luncheon in one of the splendid homes in New York. He noticed that his hostess was apparently much distressed. She rose frequently from the lunch table and left the room, and finally Mr. Moody followed her into the room whither she had gone.

He saw her standing in the center of the room, tears running down her cheeks, and seated on a couch in front of her was a young man whose face bore the marks of dissipation, and whose appearance was altogether wretched. For a moment the woman was embarrassed, then stepping towards the young man she took his hand, drew him to his feet and led him towards the great preacher, saying, as she did so, "Mr. Moody, this is my boy; he is my prodigal boy and has almost broken my heart, but I love him dearly and cannot give him up." I have heard Mr. Moody say that the boy became a Christian, and later on a minister of the Gospel.

Rahab's parents may have been like this. At any rate, one day she returned to her parents, she calls forth her loved ones and leads them

back again to her home, from the window of which the scarlet thread was flying, and they were all quite safe, although they may not have appreciated it.

All the time God's ancient people were preparing to move against the city of Jericho. Finally the word of the Lord came to His people by means of His prophet Joshua.

* "And Joshua said unto the people, Sanctify yourselves: for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you.

"And Joshua spake unto the priests, saying, Take up the ark of the covenant, and pass over before the people. And they took up the ark of the covenant, and went before the people.

"And the Lord said unto Joshua, This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that, as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee.

"And thou shalt command the priests that bear the ark of the covenant, saying, When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan.

"And Joshua said unto the children of Israel, Come hither, and hear the words of your Lord your God.

"And Joshua said, Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you, and that He will without fail drive out from before you the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Hivites, and the

*Joshua 3:5-11.

Perizzites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Jebusites.

"Behold, the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth passeth over before you into Jordan."

The priests bearing the ark of the covenant moved towards the river which separated them from Jericho, and when the soles of their feet touched the water of the river, the people of Israel passed dryshod to the other side of the river, made straight for Jericho and came into camp.

* "And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of the Lord.

"And seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually; and blew with the trumpets: and the armed men went before them; but the rearward came after the ark of the Lord, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets.

"And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp: so they did six days.

"And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times.

"And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said

*Joshua 6:12-16.

unto the people, Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city."

This seems a strange way to make warfare against a city, and while the marching people were forbidden to speak, yet I think I can hear someone whispering, "Call this warfare, would God Moses were here, he would show us how to take the city." And yet on they marched until the walls began to shake and cries of consternation were heard in the streets of the city, the houses shook and fell, and all was in ruins except one house which stood upon a piece of unbroken wall, and when they who had marched about the city would find out the secret of the standing of this house, they lifted up their eyes, and behold, a scarlet cord was fluttering from the window.

There is a scarlet cord which runs straight through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. It is the cord of redemption. It was not too small, for it held Rahab; nor too short, for it extends from everlasting to everlasting. By means of this line the dying thief escaped judgment, Bunyan did the same, so have hosts of others, and it is still the only way of escape.

Let us put it around our home, binding all that is most sacred, holding all that is most dear, for if one should gather up all the tenderest memories of life, these memories, for the most part, could doubtless be compressed into a word of four letters,—H-O-M-E.

This scarlet cord is meant to sanctify the home,

that is, to make all within its circle true and good. The father must be true. Let me relate two stories, and then answer the question as to which of them applies to you.

In one of our Eastern cities a brilliant lawyer was slain by his passion for drink. Naturally gentle and kind, he became a demon under the power of alcohol. A minister in the city who knew him well went again and again to his house in order that he might protect the wife and children from his brutal attacks, one night the little boy of the household came breathlessly to the minister's house saying, "Hurry, hurry, father is drunk again"; the minister started towards the house, going as rapidly as the little boy could walk.

They reached the house only to find the wife and mother standing outside the door saying, with a white face, "He is dead," the man in his frenzy had killed one of his children and then had taken his own life. The little boy stood looking at his mother for a moment, then rushing forward he threw his arms around her waist,—for it was as high as he could reach,—and sobbed, "O mother, aren't you glad, aren't you glad, he will never strike you again, and he will never hurt us any more?"

O the tragedy of the thought that a man may so forget his God-given position and so sin against those round about him, that such a word could be spoken of him by his own child.

The other story is of a young man who came

forward in the meetings in Adelaide, South Australia, and said as he took my hand, "I will write you a letter about this," and the next day the letter came. By his side in the meeting that afternoon sat his aged father; knowing of the progress of the meetings he had journeyed all the way from the State of Queensland in the North of Australia that he might be present and urge his boy, who was just fairly started in his profession, to accept Christ as a Saviour, and this was the plea the father made. "My son, I wish you would go forward. Your mother and I have long prayed for this day and I came on this journey that I might urge you to make this decision. I am afraid if you do not decide today your mother will die when I tell her, and I do not know but that I may die myself." Then he said, "My son, perhaps it may be that my own life has not been right, and that has been your barrier. If so, please forgive me, but go forward." And the young man wrote in his letter, "I could not stand that appeal, for a truer and better man than my father never lived, and a sweeter woman than my Christian mother was never known, and that was the reason I came and took you by the hand and started the Christian life."

Which of these fathers represents your life? If the one, be glad: if the other, turn to God in sincere repentance.

If a home is to be a sure protection for the

children, the mother must be consistent; this is supremely important.

Let me again relate two stories. One is of a mother in Philadelphia whose boy professed to accept Christ in our meetings, and hastened home that he might tell his mother, but he found her interested in bridge whist, and much absorbed in the game, and when he leaned forward and whispered to her telling what he had done, she brushed him aside saying, "Run away my boy, I will talk with you about that again," and the boy came back to our meeting to say that he had decided not to be a Christian, for, said he, "if Christ is real, then I am quite sure my mother is not a Christian, or she would not have treated me with such indifference."

The other story has to do with the Civil War. After one of the hard fought battles of the war, a chaplain in the Southern army was called to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" He supposed of course that the young man would want to cry to God for help in his extremity, but it was not so. "Chaplain," he said, "I want you to cut off a lock of my hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me." "For what?" asked the chaplain, and the dying soldier boy said, "For giving me such a mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I

do now if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for giving me dying grace. He makes this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.'" "And so," said the chaplain, "I kneeled down by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory."

Which is your story? If the latter, be glad; but if the other, then I bid you sincerely and honestly repent and turn to God.

It is wonderful what an influence a mother has; when everything else has failed, this will hold.

An American ambulance driver in France has written home:

"Tonight I am sitting in a small underground cellar of one of the public buildings of the town, acting as a sort of timekeeper or starter for the cars going up to our most dangerous post and handling the reserve cars for wounded in the town itself. I wish I could describe the scene as it is before my eyes—for the whole world is passing here—French, Americans, living, wounded and dying.

"A long, heavily arched corridor, with stone steps leading down to it, two compartments off to one side lined with wine bins, where our reserve men and a few French brancardiers (stretcher bearers) are lying on their stained stretchers.

"In the bed nearest the door a French priest, shot through the lungs, with pneumonia setting in —his black beard pointed straight up, and whis-

pering for water. Next to him a little German boy, hardly nineteen, and small, with about six hours to live, calling, sometimes screaming, for his mother and then for water. The infirmier is going from one side to the other, soothing and waiting on each in turn. He asks me what the German is saying, and I tell him he is calling for his mother.

"An hour later, as our night's work was slacking down and several cars had driven up and unloaded, I went into the little ward again to see how the others were coming through the night, and was glad to see them all quieted down; even the little German seemed less in pain, though his breathing still shook the heavy little bed he lay on."

It is sad indeed that some mothers fail to appreciate what their lives may mean to their children.

If homes are as God intended they should be, the children must be considerate.

Here are two stories.

A New York minister was calling upon one of his parishioners when the mother said, "Our daughter is in a boarding school in the South, a short time ago she wrote us asking that we might give her the privilege of going for just one time to an entertainment that was slightly questionable—at least it was so in the judgment of her father and myself—and I wrote back to her that she would make us very unhappy if she went,

that we did not wish to deprive her of anything that would give her pleasure, but that for the sake of our love for her, and because of her love for us, we would ask her not to go to this place, and today," she said, "I received a letter from my daughter, and this is what she said: 'Dear Mother,—I have received your answer to my request. The greatest desire of my life is to please you and father, and I had far rather do this than go to any place of entertainment, and of course I shall not go, and it is all because I love you so.' " And when the minister finished reading the letter he said to the mother: "I suppose you love her dearly?" "Love her," said the mother, "I wish she were here now that I could take her in my arms and tell her how dear she is to me and to her father."

And the other story is the story of the child who has no thought for a father's burdens; who by impatience and unkindness and thoughtlessness has made the father's heart ache again and again, and the mother's tears to flow without ceasing, until the father is all but discouraged and the mother is quite heartbroken.

Which is your picture? If the first, be glad; if the second, then turn to God in sincere and honest repentance, and do it quickly.

I know what would make a home beautiful. It would be to leave the scarlet cord around it. Let it bind the household together. If the scarlet cord is round about the house, and if it is tied with

God's own hands, the family circle cannot be broken. There are many things that could bind a household together. One of them is memory.

* "If you have an old mother, be good to her, tell her you love her, kiss her faded lips frequently, hold her hand which has become knotted with work in yourself, scatter a few flowers of tenderness upon her pathway while she is still alive.

"Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in her old age. Suppose there had been no warm caressing mother love? Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong? Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there anything else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless—that is an alien in a strange home—that has no one to love it? Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she has raised, and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labors, her sacrifices forgotten." If the mother has been treated with the consideration and affection due her, then such a memory can hold.

Another thing that can bind a household to-

* Dorothy Dix.

gether is gratitude, a sense of appreciation of what has been received. This makes a home worth while.

On Long Island Sound there is a light which is known as the Stamford Beacon Light. One Spring day the keeper started away from the lighthouse towards Stamford, Connecticut, expecting to be back before the time to light his light, he made his journey in a naphtha launch, and the launch was disabled and began to drift, and drifted through the night. He was terror-stricken because he was afraid the light would not be on, and a wreck might be the result, but at last he saw the light gleaming in the darkness, and it seems that his old mother, ill in bed, had climbed the tower and kept the light going until her boy came home. She then staggered down the steps and fainted from exhaustion.

This is like a mother, and many a boy has been profoundly influenced because he has had such a memory, and he thinks gratefully of the past, but these cords of memory and gratitude may fail, and so I suggest that the scarlet cord described in God's Word after all is the best, and it is well for every head of a household to see that this cord which is God's love, that this cord which is the power of Christ's death, that this cord which is the power of prayer, that this cord which is the result of a Christian life faithfully lived, be put about the house.

A friend of mine in Scotland was driving

through the hill country one Summer day when an unexpected rain came upon him. He stepped out of his carriage and entered a little house by the roadside in order that he might wait until the storm was passed. The Scotch woman in the house gave him a hearty welcome, and as he was preparing to take his seat in a very comfortable looking chair, the woman said: "No, no, you cannot sit there," and then she pointed to a scarlet cord which was round about the chair, and she told him that a year before her Majesty, Queen Victoria, had been driving along the same road when she was overtaken by a similar storm, and that she had come into this same house for a little rest and to escape the blinding rain.

The Scotch mother so honored by her Queen's presence insisted that she should take a cup of tea and "Sir," she said, "she sat in this chair while she was with us, and when she went away I said to my daughter, Mary, we'll put a scarlet cord around this chair, and no one else shall ever sit in it, and when John is married, and has a home of his own, he shall have this chair, and we will always call it 'The Queen's Chair.' "

And when the household is bound together with the scarlet cord, it ought to be true that certain things would not be permitted to enter, because it is scarlet marked. Such a home is always a place from which the greatest influence flows, and if unmarred by worldly influences, it is like Heaven indeed.

Let the presence of this cord about the household cheer you for the judgment. There is only one thing that will count there. It is not that one can boast of good birth, for many a person well born resists God's mercy to the last, and is doomed.

It is not the possession of an education, for many a man with a finely trained mind, and a disciplined life, turns against God the very weapons which He placed in his hand to make his life beautiful, and he is condemned.

It is not culture and refinement, for some of the most cultured and refined have sinned against God's mercy and love, and their case is hopeless.

It is not worldly distinction, for some of the most distinguished have been the most disreputable.

But that which will protect for time and give peace in the thought of Eternity, is the presence of the scarlet cord well fastened about the household.

When we were in Northern Australia, I was standing one day upon the streets of Brisbane, when a minister pointed out to me a man who under the power of drink was reeling from side to side of the street. We took him into a private room in the hotel and I told him of Christ and of His power to save. I also told him what Christ could do for his home, and how if he trusted Him He would take away the appetite for drink, and that if he put his confidence in Him, He would

put round about his house the scarlet cord, and by means of it he would hold his loved ones fast. And the man turned towards Christ, and later on he wrote me saying:

"I thank you for the help and the hope which you have brought to my life again. The path before me is filled with difficulties, which only my God and my own soul know, but of this I am determined, that if all else goes God shall remain. I want you to read and return the enclosed letter. I enclose a stamped envelope for its return. It is from my eldest girl of twenty-four, a Christian and a Church-member for twelve years. It was hard to write and tell her of my fall, but it had to be done. The letter I enclose is the reply.

"We often hear of the father's and the mother's love for the prodigal boy and girl. Here is a sample of the child's love for the prodigal father. Make what use you like of it. I have burned my bridges, and the Rubicon is behind. I cannot—and God helping me, I will not—recross. The other side is too awful.

"One other instance I shall tell you is this. My youngest daughter is a beautiful child of nearly ten years. At dusk last night it was necessary for me to go out of my home for some trifle. Unknown to her mother, she waited until I had proceeded some two hundred yards on my journey, and followed me. Catching up to me she silently slipped her hand into mine, and looking up into my face with a very solemn and almost tearful

face, said, 'Let me come with you daddy.' She was not dressed for the street, but her every action and look said plainly, 'You would not take me anywhere where mother would not like you to go.' I had no thought of going back upon my pledge, but if I had had this child would have helped me; so pray for me and read the letter wherever you wish."

Here is the daughter's letter:

"My dear Father: I cannot tell you how brokenhearted I was to receive your news. I broke down and cried very bitterly when I got my home letters. But still, how thankful I am that your letter contained such good news, also, I long to come to you, if only for a day, but I fear money is altogether too tight just now. Dear father, my heart's love is ever the same. Nothing can ever change that, and my prayers go up for you unceasingly, that God will hold you fast. I shall write to Dr. Chapman, as you ask. I read eagerly the accounts of the Mission in the papers and the missioner's talks. My heart is greatly stirred by them. In one meeting the missioner asked the people to stand up and say: 'Lord, I give myself to Thee, take me as I am.' It stirred me through and through, and I wrote it in my Bible, and I expect now that God will hold me utterly to be His for evermore.

"I am so thankful to dear Mr. ——— (that is the minister). I call him Mr. Greatheart, because he guards pilgrims and slays giants. Oh, father,

my heart is so full it is impossible to say all I think and feel. I would like to put my arms around you and repeat the refrain of my heart: I love you so, I love you so. May God ever keep you. YOUR OWN LITTLE GIRL."

This, then, is our hope for time and our hope for Eternity. Bind this line of scarlet thread in the window.

It is when homes are builded according to His plan, and ordered according to His will, that they are beautiful. In such homes Christ is a welcome guest, and He being present is a very present help in every time of need. We are well prepared to face trials when He is near, and we are more than conquerors when girded with His strength.

Life is often beset with trials, and not infrequently when our hearts are pained, and our eyes are overflowing with tears, we cannot understand why we should be suffering, but we shall learn the reason why some day. In time of trial it is well to say—

"He brought me here—it is by His will I am in this straight place; in that I will rest.

"He will here keep me in His love, and give me grace in this trial to behave as His child.

"He will make the trial a blessing, teaching me the lessons He means me to learn, and working in me the grace He intends for me.

"In His good time He can bring me out again, how and when He knows."

The sorest affliction, if life is properly lived, will lead us to higher and better things.

An Australian friend of mine once told me he was staying in the Hetyesbury Forest in Australia at a little farmhouse. In the forest were numbers of wild dogs and dingoes. These are fatal to young calves and lambs. The settlers have to fold their sheep at night, otherwise all their lambs would be dead in the morning. One night the boy on the farm brought home the sheep and had got them all into the fold but one old ewe and her lamb. He tried and tried to get this old ewe in, but could not. He called the selector and they tried together, but they could not get the old mother sheep in. At last the selector in despair picked up the lamb and walked into the fold with it, and the old ewe followed at his heels.

Sometimes the Lord calls away a child to win the heart of the mother or the father and many an indifferent parent has found God in the midst of suffering, and this I know right well, that every heartache in life, every tear which is the expression of pain, every disappointment, every shattered plan, every buried hope will but enrich life here and hereafter, if I am walking in fellowship with Him who was "The man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and if the line of scarlet thread is in the window.

## V

## A MESSAGE TO FATHERS

*"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him."**

IN the plan and purpose of God the father is the head of the household. Spiritually he is supposed to be a Priest, and is held responsible for those about him.

God has not placed him in this position without instructions as to his living, and warnings as to his dangers. Abraham was God's representative, he was the head of a great family, and as such—every teaching concerning him is important.

You will always do well to tie to a man in whom God has confidence, whom God is willing to trust, and with whom God walks in closest fellowship.

Abraham was such a man, therefore we must be interested in him, as we study him carefully we shall find in his life many valuable lessons, and shall learn many things which will help us in the ordering of our homes.

From the day when he left Ur of the Chaldees, going out he knew not whither, only knowing that

*Genesis 18-19.

he had the divine call, and he must answer it; and that trusting in God he was inspired by the vision of the day of Christ which would ultimately break up the sin-cursed earth; to the day when he fell asleep and was placed with his beloved dead in the Cave of Macpelah, God could trust him, and this is the highest tribute that can be paid to any one.

In order that we may appreciate the worth of his character, and the strength of his trust, it will be well to go back a little in the story and see him as, with Lot his nephew, the other members of his household, and a great company of servants, he journeys day after day.

One of the finest things that can be said concerning him was this: when there was trouble with the servants of Lot and Abram, Abram, according to the record,—"He said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. And Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the Garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou camest unto Zoar."

*Genesis 13:8-10.

And when he had made this generous proposal to Lot, having been forsaken by his nephew, he stood alone, then God spake to him: * "And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee. Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord."

God can always trust the man who allows Him to choose for him the way in which he is to go, the friends with whom he is to have fellowship, and the place of his abode.

How few men of business, before they have finally entered with a partner upon a business career, have gone alone to talk the matter over with God, and in His presence have asked these questions: "Will this partnership be for the glory of God?—or in this partnership shall I be able to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God?—or in fellowship with this man with whom I propose a business arrangement, shall I be made a

*Genesis 13:14–18.

better and a truer man?" There is no doubt but that such questions as these will cause many to say: "This has been the last thing I have thought of in a business arrangement," and failure to consider such an important matter as this is the secret of many a man's undoing, for when God is left out of a life, failure is inevitable.

How few of us stop in the pursuit of pleasure to ask ourselves these questions—"Will this pleasure contribute to my strength of character?—In this pleasure will it be possible for me to have fellowship with God?—Will it mean my being drawn closer to Him?—Would I be afraid in this proposed pleasure to have a realization of the fact that His eye is upon me?"

Such questions as these rightly considered would very easily settle the perplexing problems of life, in so far as pleasure is concerned, and such questions properly answered would keep us from falling into traps set for us by the great enemy of our souls.

How few Christians, when seeking a new place of residence, have sought counsel with God to ask of Him: "Will it be possible for me in my new home to live for God, or shall I be tempted to turn from Him?" "Will this place of residence help me in the management of my home and the training of my children?" Alas, it is true that the most of us choose our homes without reference to God, and then we wonder why it is that our hearts are

made to ache by disobedient children, or are all but broken by boys and girls who go astray.

Too few of us are like Abram; too many of us are like Lot.

We choose our own friends, our business associates, our places of abode, and we pay the penalty. It would be well for us to contrast the glorious ending of Abraham's life and the miserable defeat which Lot faced, to see the utter folly of such proceedings.

Studying this contrast, I am persuaded that we should the more earnestly seek to have God's approval in the conduct of life, and strive to be more worthy of His trust and confidence.

One of the most beautiful pictures of Abram's life is found in that portion of his experience when one day at high noon he sat at his tent door, and suddenly three angels appeared before him, and the tent, which was very ordinary in appearance, becomes exceedingly beautiful because of the angels' visit.

One of the heavenly visitors was the Angel of the Covenant, and the Angel of the Covenant in the Old Testament is our Lord Himself.

Happy the man in whose home the presence of the Lord is apparent, and with whom He loves to abide; a tent is changed into a palace, and the most ordinary home into a mansion with such a guest.

It is well to remember that He will not abide

where there is contention and strife; the atmosphere will drive Him forth.

He cannot tarry where there are inconsistencies, where the members of the family circle profess one thing and live another.

He will not find pleasure in stopping where there is worldliness; it is a sad fact that in many professed Christian homes the Lord cannot take up His abode.

Do not forget that while three angels visited Abram, only two came to Lot when he was in Sodom.

The Angel of the Covenant is absent when Lot is visited.

Could He tarry in your home as it is today? How about the library and the books which are there, books which being antagonistic to Him, are suggestive of doubt, or are possessed of an influence which would lead one to become indifferent to Him?

How about the living-room, with the magazines tossed so carelessly upon the table, periodicals which have the power to injure your children, as well as those who sit about your fireside?

How about the habits of conversation which are so thoughtless, in some instances so critical, and at other times so unkind?

It is a sad thing, but alas it is true, that many a so-called Christian home is devoid of the best influence for good, because in spite of its

splendid furnishings, the Lord cannot tarry there, however much He may desire to do so.

This message in the main is to fathers, or to those who have beautiful memories of fathers.

I know quite well that about a mother's name the most sacred memories cluster; that to many this is the sweetest name in language, with the exception of the name of our Lord Himself, but I would pay a tribute to fathers—fathers possessed of great strength and beautiful tenderness: fathers, the passion of whose lives has been the bringing up of their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and who in every way have been worthy of the name of father.

The Bible has many a picture of great fathers, —fathers like Jacob who said with a breaking heart, when he thought he might lose Benjamin,— "Me ye have bereft of my children, Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me."

Fathers like David, who, when he learned that Absalom was dead, staggered down from between the gates, crying: "Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee."

Fathers like the father of the prodigal who never forgot his boy in his far wandering, and who started forth to meet him when he was homeward bound, saluting him with a kiss, clothing him with a robe, placing shoes upon his feet, a ring upon his hand, and then led him back to the old home from which he had gone away, and

which was so soon to be filled with sounds of music, for the lost was found and the dead alive again.

But we are not shut up to Holy Writ for beautiful pictures of fathers.

Think of your own father in his consistent living; think of his prayers offered with trembling tones; think of his life so consistent and true; think of his Bible so well worn and so tear-stained, then strive to be like him as he was like Christ.

In the autobiography of John G. Paton he tells us the story of his journey to Glasgow from his home in the country. This journey marked a crisis in his life. He says—

"A small bundle, tied up in my pocket handkerchief, contained my Bible and all my personal belongings. Thus was I launched upon the ocean of life.

"My dear father walked with me the first six miles of the way. His counsels and tears and heavenly conversation on the parting journey are fresh in my heart as if it had been yesterday; and tears are on my checks as freely now as then, whenever memory steals me away to the scene. For the last half mile or so we walked on together in almost unbroken silence,—my father, as was often his custom, carrying hat in hand, while his long, flowing yellow hair (then yellow, but in later years white as snow) streamed like a girl's down his shoulders. His lips kept moving in silent prayers for me, and his tears fell fast

when our eyes met each other in looks for which all speech was vain. We halted on reaching the appointed parting place; he grasped my hand firmly for a minute in silence, and then solemnly and affectionately said,—

"'God bless you, my son! Your father's God prosper you, and keep you from all evil!'

"Unable to say more, his lips kept moving in silent prayer; in tears we embraced and parted. I ran off as fast as I could, and when about to turn a corner in the road where he would lose sight of me, I looked back and saw him still standing with head uncovered where I had left him. Waving my hat in adieu, I was round the corner and out of sight in an instant. But my heart was too full and sore to carry me further, so I darted into the side of the road and wept for a time. Then, rising up cautiously, I climbed the dyke to see if he yet stood there where I had left him, and just at that moment I caught a glimpse of him climbing the dyke and looking out for me! He did not see me, and after he had gazed eagerly in my direction for a while, he got down, turned his face towards home, and began to return, his head still uncovered, and his heart, I felt sure, still rising in prayers for me. I watched through blinding tears, till his form faded from my gaze; and then, hastening on my way, vowed deeply and oft, by the help of God, to live and act so as never to grieve or dishonor such a father and mother as He had given me.

The appearance of my father, when we parted,—his advice, prayers and tears,—the road, the dyke, the climbing up on it and then walking away, head uncovered, have often, often, all through life, risen vividly before my mind,—and do so now while I am writing, as if it had been but an hour ago. In my earlier years particularly, when exposed to many temptations, his parting form rose before me as that of a guardian Angel. It is no Pharisaism, but deep gratitude, which makes me here testify that the memory of that scene not only helped, by God's grace, to keep me pure from the prevailing sins, but also stimulated me in all my studies, that I might not fall short of his hopes, and in all my Christian duties, that I might faithfully follow his shining example."

The position of a father is solemn indeed. All too few appreciate what it means to be the head of a household.

"I charge you," said a dying mother to her husband, the father of her children, "bring all these children home with you and I shall meet you on the other side." And God has given to every father the same charge.

The man who is so immersed in business, so taken up with pleasure, or so given to sin that he allows his children to drift and to make wreck and ruin of their lives, is indeed to be pitied.

A father must be taught himself before he can teach others. It is a sad thing that when the

crisis, or the hour of need comes in a child's life, that too many fathers are not able to speak the word in season.

A young man leaving his home to seek his fortune was given the following advice by his Christian father. He told him that there were three essentials to growth:—

1. Proper food. I Peter 2:1-3
   (*a*) Have a good reference Bible.
   (*b*) Set apart an hour daily sacred to Bible study.
   (*c*) Study with a heart prepared for it. Ezra 7-10
   (*d*) Ask the Author of the Book to Guide you. Psalm 119:18; John 16:13-14
   (*e*) Study for personal profit. I Peter 1:22-23; Acts 20:32
   For equipment for service. II Timothy 3:16-17; Ephesians 1:17
   (*f*) Believe promises; heed warnings; obey directions.
   (*g*) Remember it is God's message to you.
2. Proper exercise. John 13:17
   (*a*) Confess Christ before men. Matthew 10:32-38; Romans 10:9-10
   (*b*) Get into the visible church. Acts 2:42-47; Hebrews 10:24-25
   (*c*) Observe the Sacraments. Acts 2:38-42; Luke 22:19
   (*d*) Pray daily in your family for God's work. Luke 11:9-13

(*e*) Obey every word of Christ. John 2:5; 14:23; 15:7

(*f*) Use all your time and talents faithfully. Ephesians 5:16.

(*g*) Give systematically as God has prospered you. Proverbs 3:9-10.

3. Proper associations. I Corinthians 15:33

(*a*) Keep in the light. I John 1:7; John 3:20-21; I Thessalonians 5:5

(*b*) Walk with the wise. Proverbs 13:20.

(*c*) Stand aloof from worldly conformity. Romans 12:2

(*d*) Go only where the Spirit leads you. Romans 8:9-14

In one direction or the other you are influencing the lives of your children. If for good, then you are not living in vain. If for evil, then the day of judgment will be a solemn day for you.

Many a man traces his strength of character back to his own father's virtues, and alas, it is true many a man charges his failure against his father, for he started him in life with a handicap which, in his own strength, it was quite impossible for him to overcome.

Every father should be his boy's greatest admiration, and if he lived according to the teachings of God's Word, he would start his boy along the way of life with an upward tendency.

The picture is given of a child waiting the coming of his father, and the father is true.

PAPA'S COMING

He swung on the gate and looked down the street,
  Awaiting the sound of familiar feet,
Then suddenly came to the sweet child's eyes,
  The marvelous glory of morning skies,
For a manly form with a steady stride,
  Drew near to the gate that opened wide,
As the boy sprang forward and joyfully cried,
  "Papa's coming!"

But the picture is also given of a child wasted through neglect and hurt by another's sin, waiting for his father, and the father's coming meant the child's suffering.

The wasted face of a little child,
  Looked out of the window with eyes made wild,
By the ghostly shades in failing light,
  And the glimpse of a drunk man in the night,
Cursing and reeling from side to side,
  The poor boy, trembling and trying to hide,
Clung to his mother's skirts and cried,
  "Papa's coming!"

There are many reasons why God could say to Abram, "I know him." Naturally the first reason would be that when God called him in Ur of the Chaldees, he obeyed without question and started on his long journey not knowing whither he was

to go, except that God had called him and he had answered.

The call of God has come to you quite as clearly as to Abram. God has bidden you acknowledge Him before men.

In the New Testament He has made it quite plain that you are expected to confess Jesus Christ as a Saviour. The confession of Christ means the acceptance of Christ. It implies a turning from sin and suggests that we are to turn unto God. We can hardly expect our children to do this until we have done it ourselves. Noah entered the Ark and his children passed in after him.

I was holding a meeting in a Western city when my attention was called to a man who was not only not in favor of evangelistic campaigns, but railed against the work in progress in his home, on the street, and in his place of business. He was angered at his Christian wife for attending the meetings; said he would go to a hotel until after they were over if she continued to talk about them, or to ask him to attend them.

He was a good husband, and a kind father, but not a Christian. So deep was the interest throughout the city that at last out of curiosity he decided to drop in to one of the meetings one evening. The text was, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He stayed for the after-meeting, went home, said nothing about where he had been. In fact, from that time on he said never a word against the meetings. His wife noticed that he

was more quiet and thoughtful, but she did not dream of what was on his mind.

On Christmas morning he came down late to breakfast, said that he did not care to eat very much, asked his family to go into the library with him and there gave each one the usual present, and received his gifts from the members of his family. When this was done he threw his arms about his wife and kissed her, saying, "I want to present to you the greatest gift I have ever offered you,—a Christian husband,—and I want to present to the children a Christian father." The family then knelt together in prayer, and the first prayer he ever offered before them was prayed that morning. He there and then established his family altar.

He told them of the meeting which he had attended and of the sermon which made him a new creature, and that Christmas day he asked his first blessing at the dinner table.

Every home would be better if it were Christian.

Every child would have a better chance in life if the father of the household should accept Jesus Christ as a Saviour.

Life is only worth while when God has all there is of us, and when implicitly we follow His instructions in everything.

God has also commanded you to speak to your children about their personal relationship to Him and their acceptance of Christ. Many a father

feels that the minister may do this for him, or the special worker may do it, or the mother may do it, but that father is recreant to his trust who neglects to speak for himself to his children about their confession of Christ.

God also could trust Abram, because He knew of his spirit of intercession for Lot.

In Genesis we read:

*"And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know.

"And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom: but Abraham stood yet before the Lord.

"And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

"Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?

"That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?

"And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.

*Genesis 18:20-33.

"And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes:

"Peradventure there shall lack fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it.

"And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake.

"And he said unto him, O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there.

"And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.

"And he said, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

"And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place."

And from this incident we learn that God can always trust the man who is concerned for others, and especially for his own children.

The supreme test of his life, however, came when God commanded him to take Isaac and

journey with him to an altar which He would show him, and the following is the record.

* "And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

"Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

"And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

"And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

"And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?

"And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together.

"And they came to the place which God had

*Genesis 22:2-11.

told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

"And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

"And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I."

Imagine the experience of these days if you can when the father with white, set face, walks with the boy who was repeatedly questioning him, and the father saying—"My son, God will show us what we must do," and Abraham is willing to place his son upon the altar and sacrifice his life if need be, when at the critical moment God speaks and his uplifted hand is stopped, and another sacrifice is provided, but Abraham fails not, and God can trust the man who holds nothing back from Him.

It is a sad, sad thing not to be right with God.

This is the story of two families in New England given to me by a man who knew their history.

The first young man gave his heart to Christ, united with the church, became a Baptist deacon, married a minister's daughter, had a blessing at the table, erected a family altar, attended church regularly on Sunday, and was also in the prayer-meeting of the church at the mid-week service.

The second young man is not a Christian. He married a brilliant woman, but one who did not be-

lieve in Christ; she criticised the Bible, she sneered at the Son of God, there was no prayer in the home and the church was neglected.

In the first home the daughter became a beautiful Christian, the elder son a Christian lawyer, and the second son a minister of the Gospel.

In the second home the elder son became a brilliant lawyer; he was not a Christian and died a drunkard; the second son became a physician and died a sot; the only daughter became so vile that the story, as it is repeated today in New England, shocks every one.

Right living always pays. It pays for time, and it pays for eternity.

In one of Dr. Grenfell's books, *Off the Rocks*, there is the story of an old man. He wanted to build a home and so he saved up all the nails he could find or buy, secured lumber here and there, found a fairly good supply of glass, and then built his house. He had hard luck for a time and his hair whitened before the time, but he became a Christian and the tide of his life turned. He was a fisherman, he made himself a trap net, and it was a wonderful day when he set the net and waited results.

One special Saturday night this net was set, and on Sunday morning the ice-pans began to move, and the nets were in danger. Dr. Grenfell met him on his way to Church and told him to go out and get the net. "No," said he, "Doctor, there are too many people who make an excuse

for fishing on Sunday, and I am a Christian and I must not do this."

Five minutes after midnight he went out, brought the net in, and it was worthless.

Twelve years passed by, his boys had grown to manhood, his girls had homes of their own, they were all Christians, and the old man's hair is whiter still, but his step is firm and his faith is strong, and daily growing stronger, for he was right with God.

Time will one day give place to eternity, and the question you will have to face in the future will not be: "How much pleasure did you have in life?" "How much money did you make?" "How much fame did you win?"—but "What did you do with Jesus?"—and "What did you do for your children?"—and it would be a sad thing to be obliged to say, "I was busy here and there with other matters and let my children go."

On the other hand it would be a great day if when the journey of life is finished and the tasks on earth are done, you could say as you face Him in Eternity, "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me."

## VI

## SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY

*"Carry him to his mother."**

LONG ago in an oriental harvest field not far from the village of Shunem, a father was working with his harvesters, when looking in the direction of his home he saw his little boy running towards him.

The hot sun of the East was beating down upon the harvest fields, and when the boy reached his father he was overpowered with the heat, and throwing his hands to his head cried out saying,— "O, my head, my head," the father turned to a lad who was standing not far away and said, "Carry him to his mother."

This scene is particularly striking, first because it has to do with one of the homes in Shunem. Shunem was beautiful for situation. It was located in the midst of most abundant harvest fields. The homes in the village were for those days exceedingly beautiful, but the one home with which we have to do was specially interesting, because there dwelt a man and a woman who were known as Shunammites.

*II Kings 4–19.

This house was not very commodious, so when later the Prophet of God was invited to become their guest, it was necessary that a special room, which was to be known as the "Prophet's Chamber," should be constructed.

Frequently there passed by this home in Shunem God's Prophet Elisha, he who was the servant of Elijah upon whom had fallen a double portion of the Master's spirit, and around whose shoulders had been wrapped the Master's famous robe.

Something in the way he walked drew the attention of the woman to him, which is a striking illustration of the fact that in our walk and conversation we may impress those who are about us, for she asked him to come into their home and stop for a season.

It was said in the story that she was "a great woman," which must have meant that she was a great discerner of character, for she knew Elisha to be a man of God, and she asked him to tarry with them, and when he came occasionally to this Shunammite home, the "Prophet's Chamber" above referred to was his place of rest.

When Elisha was weary he rested here. When he was hungry it was here that he found meat to eat. This Shunammite home was childless, so a promise was made by the Prophet of the coming of a child into the household, a child who was to be as much of a miracle as Isaac himself.

The child was born, and when he came he brought light and sunshine into the Shunammite

home. It was on a certain harvest day that he turned from his mother and sought his father and the reapers in the field, and it was when he was lying quite conscious at his father's feet, that the father said to the lad standing near, "Carry him to his mother."

One of the most pathetic expressions I know is this: * "And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called unto her husband, and said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again."

The family pictures in the New Testament are always very interesting and some are very beautiful. There is the story of the father who brought his demoniac boy to the disciples of Jesus, and when they could not cast the demons out of him, he turned in despair to Jesus Himself, and cried out saying: † "Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son: for he is mine only child. And, lo, a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth again, and bruising him hardly departeth from him. And I besought thy disciples to cast him out; and they could not. And Jesus answering said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you, and suffer you? Bring thy son hither. And

*II Kings 4 : 20–22. †St. Luke 9 : 38–42.

as he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him. And Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, and healed the child, and delivered him again to his father."

There is the story of the little daughter of Jairus. She was seriously ill and Jairus goes seeking Jesus, tells Him the story that is almost breaking his heart; the Master is touched but turns aside for a little while to hear the cries and answer the needs of others who are in distress, and when He reaches the home of Jairus the child is dead.

Human hearts have always been the same and therefore we can quite understand how the heart of Jairus, and possibly the mother of his little daughter, were quite crushed, but Jesus enters the room where she is lying, speaks the word, and she is alive again, and the home that was filled with sadness, overflows with joy.

There is the home of Zacchaeus, he who was rich because he was the tax gatherer, who undoubtedly was selfish, and of course sinful, in whose home there was no song,—for the selfish cannot sing;—he goes out to meet Jesus and the Master tells him that he must abide that day at his house, and they two walk towards the home, when Jesus says,—"This day is salvation come to this house." Gloom gives place to glory, darkness to light, and the peace of God is in the household all because Jesus has entered there. And inasmuch as He is the same yesterday, today, and

forever, He still has the power to change fathers who are sinful, to liberate children who are bound with the chains of sin, and to fill homes with peace and gladness.

The story of this little boy who was stricken down by the heat of the Eastern sun in the oriental harvest field suggests a shadow in the home pictures of the Bible, for when the father said, "Carry him to his mother," he was evidently shirking responsibility.

Why did he not take him in his own arms and hurry back with him to the house? In asking others to do the thing which he should have done himself, he is an illustration of many who in these modern times have shirked spiritual responsibilities, and because of this, stand guilty in the sight of God.

So many parents expect their children to be won to Christ by others. They think the minister should win them—and he is not without power in this direction—for it is the praise of preaching that a word spoken by consecrated lips, and coming out of a heart burning with desire for the salvation of another, may seem for a long time to be without power, when suddenly the one who has been spoken to finds a picture of the old church coming back, a memory of the trembling tones of the old minister is quickened, and perhaps thousands of miles away from the place where the sermon was preached the soul is saved.

Parents expect some evangelist to win their

children to Christ, and it has been the privilege of evangelists to turn a countless number of children to the Master, but no gifted evangelist or sainted pastor can take the place of the father or mother in directing the spiritual interests of a child's life.

Parents hope their children may be won to Christ by means of the Sunday School, and this has always been a powerful soul-winning agency. I was but a lad myself in the Sunday School, when my Sunday School teacher who is still living, urged me to stand with other scholars who were confessing their faith in Christ. I was hesitating because I thought myself already a Christian—at least I knew that I had been well taught in my Christian home. Suddenly my Sunday School teacher leaned around another boy and touched me on the elbow and lifting me just a little bit urged me again to stand, and I stood upon my feet. If this was not the day of my conversion, it was the day when a profound impression was made upon my life, and Sunday School teachers have often been God's special messengers of light and life to boys and girls, and yet no Sunday School teacher should take the place of a father or mother in the winning of a child to Christ.

It is a sad thing that in too many instances parents say, as did this oriental father, when their children are smitten with the power of sin, "Carry him to his mother"; or, "Carry him to the evangelist"; or, "Carry him to the Sunday School

teacher," when they themselves should in their own arms of faith bring them to Jesus.

God's purpose in creating man was to show forth His glory, and in the thought of his mind, the affections of his heart, and the streams of influence flowing forth from his life, every man ought to glorify God.

But His purpose in establishing the family was to show forth His love, and just as He chose ancient Israel as the special object of His affection, so has He willed to show forth in households generally His mighty love, He will always do this if His love is unhindered.

As the living one He is the fountain of life.

In the Bible, God has given us wonderful pictures of the devotion of fathers and mothers. For example, Jacob who showed his love for his son when he said: "Me ye have bereft of my children, Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me."

Or David, when he heard of Absalom's death,—* "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Or Rachel, weeping for her children.

Or Mary, in agony because of the death of Jesus.

Or the father of the prodigal who waits for

*II Samuel 18:33.

his boy to return, and whose love for the wandering boy seems to increase the longer he stays away.

And almost every picture of a devoted father or mother in the Bible is an illustration of the love of God, who has a father's strength and a mother's tenderness.

In the household the father and the mother are the representatives of God, and no one can take their place in this respect.

In the olden times the Bible homes were filled with a religious spirit. The father was the leader in this respect. Children grew up in this atmosphere. On the eighth day they were set apart to God. The name of God was as familiar to the child as that of father or mother. Morning and evening they gathered as a household about the altar and praised God for His protecting care. Before every meal a blessing was asked; after every meal thanks were returned to God for His goodness.

As the Sabbath drew near the father announced its approach, and preparations were made for its careful keeping. At the feast of the dedication every child had a candle. At the feast of tabernacle the youngest had to live in booths. When the passover came with its sprinkled doors and its strange bread, it was the father's place to tell the story of the feast.

At the temple service every boy must be present, so that it is true, as has been said, the Jews

have the Law of God written on the tables of their hearts. The guidance of the household was thus in the father's hands, and the ideal of every child was to be religious.

The result of all this has been respect for age, for authority, and for holy things found in no other people in the world. In these things, as in many others, the Jews surpass us all. Without a country, without a temple, scorned by many, hated by people generally, yet they stand for household religion, and we can never have these results until we are willing to fulfill the conditions.

Fathers must take their rightful position with their children and must not say, as did this oriental harvester in the fields near Shunem, "Carry him to his mother." There are special reasons for one taking such a position as this and shirking consciously or unconsciously his responsibility.

There is first of all the general misconception of the position of a father. We say the mother is more tender; so she may be, yet the child who is properly developed needs not only the tenderness of the mother, but the strength of the father.

Why did not this oriental father sprinkle water on the face of his dying boy? Why did he not carry him to the shade where he would be shielded from the power of the sun? Why did he not bend over him and seek to revive him? Why did he not send for the mother?—she would have come quickly.

I think it was because he had gotten into the habit of expecting others to assume responsibility for him, and when his boy was in danger, the first thing he thought of was to carry him to his mother.

It is just barely possible that this oriental father may have been indifferent to the claims which should naturally be made upon him as a father, for in these modern homes we find households where fathers are strong in many directions, who really love their children, who provide them with the shelter and protection of a home, who deny themselves that they may have an education, and yet are utterly indifferent to their moral and spiritual welfare, and seem to forget that they are expected to exert an influence in this direction.

If you have become so engrossed in business that you have no time for your family, you are sinning against God and against your family, too. You may provide a support for those who are dependent upon you, but that may be for them a mere existence and not a living. If you are neglectful along this line, your children's hearts will be hungry for that which you alone can give. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his son's soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his child's soul?

It is not to be forgotten that there is a natural tendency to weakness in our children and that only Christ is able to overcome it, so that if we

are indifferent to Christ, and do not present Him to our children, we not only do them a great injustice, but we do ourselves harm as well.

Because parents are neglectful of their children, it is necessary that ministers, evangelists and Sunday School teachers should do their utmost to win them to Christ. I speak not only of the children who live in the slums of our cities, for not infrequently the child who lives in the most palatial home is quite as neglected and quite as much in need of help.

A friend of mine once speaking at a Sunday School convention, said:

"I was once shown through the works of the Standard Oil Company. All about, after the oil had been refined, was a greasy, black liquid, offensive to touch, sight and smell. Taken from one department of the works to another, I was at length shown into a room where a white, glistening, beautiful product was piled, which I was told was manufactured by a chemical process out of the disgusting ooze and slime through which I had passed. A member of the firm said to me: 'At first we emptied this stuff into the river and the people along its banks complained of us as nuisances, and we were forbidden by law to dispose of it in that way. Then we dug a pit and tried to bury it, but that failed. Next we constructed a brick-walled tank and tried to burn it, but the fire was so terrifically hot that it became a terror to us. Finally, in desperation we set the most

expert chemists in the country to work upon it, and by the merest accident they converted it into this paraffine, which is now the most profitable product of our refineries.' So the problem before us as Christians, is ,to convert these neglected children, by the application of the divine chemistry, into that which will be a blessing to the church and to humanity."

It is a great thing to be a father, to have under one's influence a child whose life is to reach through time and into eternity, and one would naturally suppose that every father would have at least some desire to rise to the measure of this responsibility.

And you would naturally think that fathers when they realize their God-given position would say, "Thank God! I am a father and I have a work to do which the angels in the skies would be willing to do if they were in my place."

Sometimes responsibility is shirked because lives are wrong. When David said: "O Absalom, my son, would God I had died for thee," we feel like saying that it would have been far better for him if he had lived for Absalom and not been guilty of his great transgression, for this not only affected David himself, but all who lived after him.

Lot lost his influence over his household because he made a compromise with the world, and his miserable daughters became the ancestors of the Moabites who were ever afterwards the enemies of God's people.

The Mississippi River and the Red River have their sources a few miles apart, but what a difference a few miles make in the river. One flows North nearly seven hundred and fifty miles and empties into Lake Winnipeg. The other flows South twenty-eight hundred miles and never stops until it reaches the sea.

And your life is flowing either towards Christ or against Him. If it is against Christ, then although you may be cultured and refined, successful in business and famous in the world, you are against the best interests of your children whether you are willing to acknowledge it or not.

If your life is flowing towards Christ, then you may sometimes seem to fail, but always remember that with Christ on your side you are making an impression upon your children which will last so long as time shall last, and be felt when time gives way to eternity.

You never know what your life will mean for your child, He might under your influence become a great preacher, a great reformer, a great citizen, but whether the world calls him great or not, God will look upon his life as well spent, and there is no greater service that you can render than to bring your children to Christ.

If there is this tendency to shirk responsibility, then it is necessary, in order that homes be right, that the father should be a priest and prophet in his own home. This is illustrated in the passover which is described in the Old Testament where

the father stands dealing with God for the child, and then with the child for God.

In the former case he sprinkles the blood upon the door posts. In the latter he tells his children the story of the passover. It is necessary that the father be right with God if the home is to be true, and no father can be right until he has a personal experience in those things which relate to Christ and His personal acceptance.

I can only teach my child what I know myself, and what I know quite well. The love of God must rule and reign in the home if the home is to be as God meant it should be.

I was once using an illustration of a father who came into the sick room of his little boy. The child had been ill so many months that his little body was sadly wasted away, and it was painful for him just to lie upon the bed, even though it was soft as down. As the father entered the child said, "Lift me up for a moment," and the father put his hands under the little emaciated body and raised his child just a little bit from the bed. "Lift me higher," he said, "father, lift me higher," and the father lifted him up until he held him in his hands high above his head, and when he took him down his child was dead.

It would seem as if this father had actually lifted his child into the arms of Jesus Himself. When I had finished my illustration a gentleman with tears streaming down his cheeks came to me

saying: "I wonder if you knew that that was my boy? I went into his room just as you said and my minister was with me. I lifted him up and his little voice came back to me in whispers saying, 'Higher, higher,' and when I took him down he had gone. But, sir, I had lifted him into the arms of Christ long before, for when he was a very little boy I had taught him of the Saviour's love and had told him what it meant to be a Christian."

This is the work for every father to do, and he cannot excuse himself from it, nor can he delegate it to others. He must not say, as he considers his child's spiritual needs,—"Carry him to his mother." If homes are to be true, Christian principles must be set in operation in them. The voice of prayer must be heard.

I pity the boy who has never heard his father pray, but I pity more the father who has never prayed for his children. I wonder what answer a father will make to God when He asks him concerning the children whom He entrusted to him.

In Jeremiah God says: "I will pour out my fury on the families that called not on my name."

If up to this time you have failed as a father; if you have felt that another could do your spiritual work for you; if you have been deluded by the thought that the mother was the spiritual head of the household, it is not too late to turn squarely about in your thinking and living, and it would be a good thing to call your children about you, acknowledge your mistake and pledge

yourself to them for the present and the future. Then your home would be as God intended it should be. In other words, it would be like Heaven.

At the age of eighty-one years, there died at Burbank, California, in the person of the Rev. Edward W. Spencer, D.D., one who at a particular moment of his life seized the great opportunity and filled it with daring and skill. He was the hero of the wreck of the "Lady Elgin," a lake steamer that foundered off the shore at Winnetka, Illinois, just above Evanston, upon the morning of September 8th, 1860, and nearly four hundred of the crew and passengers perished. Dr. Spencer was at the time with his brother William a student of Garrett Biblical Institute. Hearing of the wreck, he hastened to the scene, and in the work of rescue saved seventeen of the imperilled passengers before he himself fell in a delirium of exhaustion. Just before passing into unconsciousness he repeated over and over again to his brother, "Will, did I do my best?" This question was taken up all over the country and furnished the theme of many an editorial and the text for many a sermon.

Christians should be just as eager to risk all for the salvation of the lost as Edward Spencer was to save the men and women drowning before his eyes in the tempest-tossed lake. If they were, what a revival would be upon us!

One of the most striking things I know, how-

ever, in connection with the above incident is that: In a meeting, said to have been conducted by Dr. Torrey in a California city, Dr. Spencer was noticed in the audience, and desiring to pay tribute to one who had wrought so heroically in the days of his youth, Dr. Torrey asked Dr. Spencer to come to the platform. He was heartily cheered. When he took his seat Dr. John Willis Baer, who was also upon the platform, turned to Dr. Spencer to say, "Is there anything special that you remember in connection with the seventeen persons whom you saved from the wreck of the 'Lady Elgin'?" Dr. Spencer hesitated a moment and then said: "Only this, that not one of the seventeen ever thanked me."

Such apparent ingratitude is only equalled by the spirit of the one who has abundant opportunities to turn many to Christ, and not only fails to take advantage of the opportunity, but fails to say to Him who made the work posible: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me my children at an impressionable age when I may turn them to Thee," or, "Thou hast given me friends whom I may invite to Thee," or, "Thou hast given me a thousand opportunities to say a word for Him who died for me."

Such privileges the angels in Heaven would like to have, but they are only for those of us who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and therefore, being acquainted with Christ, are able to introduce others to Him.

## VII

## A TRUE MOTHER

*"Her children rise up and call her blessed."**

NO more beautiful stories of mothers have ever been writen than those which are found on the pages of the Bible.

The Bible is woman's glory and always exalts her. Wherever the Bible has been taught and its teachings accepted, woman has been given her rightful position. She has been set free from bondage; she has had opened up before her a great field for service, and from the beginning of the Bible to the close, innumerable stories are told concerning woman's strength of character and beauty of life.

There is the story of Jochabed, the mother of Moses, whose name signifies "her glory is Jehovah." With her own fingers she wove the little ark, pitched it within and without with pitch, carried it in her arms to the river's brink, placed her little boy in it and then hid the ark in the flags by the river's brink. It seemed a perilous place to put a child, and yet he was not only watched by Miriam, his sister, but he was beneath the watchful eye of God as well, and was as safe there as he is today.

* Proverbs 31-28.

There is the story of Hannah whose highest praise was that she was known as the mother of Samuel. Each year she made a little coat for her boy; she not only cared for his physical needs, but she guarded him and instructed him spiritually as well. He was possessed of his greatness not only because God called him to do a special work, but because his mother was consistent before him in her living and exceedingly careful in the training of her child.

There is Deborah, hurling back the hosts of battle and winning a great victory; thus silencing forever the feeling which some have had concerning woman's weakness.

There is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until four hundred wrathful men halt and turn back.

There is Ruth, the queen of the harvest field, who was in the ancestral line of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And so we find these stories as we turn over the pages of the Old Testament Scriptures, but the New Testament stories seem almost better than those in the Old.

There is Mary, the mother of Jesus, who lived beautifully before Jesus in everything, and humanly speaking, if there were more mothers like Mary, there would be more children like Jesus.

There was the Syrophœnician woman who, without a promise on which she could stand, pleaded with Jesus for her daughter who was

grievously vexed with a devil. Jesus saw her faith was touched by her pleadings and, although she was a Gentile, He turned aside to her with blessing.

A mother's prayers have always seemed to count in a very special way with God.

The ear of heaven bendeth low
When mother prays.
And I am better then, I know,
When mother prays.
The disappointments of the day—
The worry of the toilsome way—
The fretfulness and longing cease;
Heaven breathes my troubled soul to peace;
And love and trust in God increase
When mother prays.

A Sabbath Day it seems to me
When mother prays—
A day of rest and purity,
When mother prays.
Faith whispers from the trembling lip,
And angels in glad fellowship
With loving ministrations bear
The myrrh and frankincense of prayer
To Him who doth all burdens share,
When mother prays.

There was the company of mothers who brought their children to Jesus in order that He might

bless them, and He took them up in His arms and gave them His blessing. I have no doubt but that if one of them received more special attention, a more tender touch, or a more careful consideration, it was the one who had the least to commend it to the people in the company, but who perhaps was the most in need; and from the presence of Jesus these mothers went away with their hearts full of gratitude to God, and their lips singing the praise of Jesus.

There was Mary, who poured out the ointment upon Jesus and so moved Him that He said, "Wherever the Gospel is preached, this shall be told for a memorial concerning her." And it has been so, for in every tongue the story has been told.

There is the account of Dorcas making garments for the poor and stitching her love into every coat she made; who was mourned over when they thought her dead, and rejoiced over when they found her living.

So the stories go, and so I say again there is nothing more beautiful in language than the Bible's tribute to woman.

Christ was always specially tender with women; for a woman He broke the seal of death at the tomb of Bethany and Lazarus lived.

For a mother He broke the power of death; and full of rejoicing she goes back with her boy, when she had expected to place him in the tomb.

From a woman He cast out seven devils.

For a woman He was concerned when He was

on the cross,—His first concern, His last concern was for His mother.

Not only is the Bible filled with tributes to woman in general, and to mothers in particular, all literature has been made more beautiful because of what has been said concerning her. Well could Rudyard Kipling write:

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, Oh Mother o' mine!
I know whose love would reach up to me still,
Mother o' mine, Oh Mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, Oh Mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, Oh Mother o' mine.

If I were damned both body and soul,
Mother o' mine, Oh Mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make all whole,
Mother o' mine, Oh Mother o' mine."

One of the best things that has ever been said about woman is that statement in the Scripture found at the head of this chapter,—"Her children rise up and call her blessed." This Scripture places the crown upon a mother's brow and makes us understand that the highest position in the world for a woman is just to be a mother, if this is God's call to her.

You may recall that woman in other days who was specially distinguished because she was known

as the daughter of Scipio, and she was usually thus addressed.

After her marriage she was still designated in the same way.

Then came the time when she looked down into a cradle and saw her two sons, and after that she said, "Call me no more the daughter of Scipio, but call me 'the mother of the Gracchi,' "—just to show that the most exalted honor which could be hers was to be the mother of her boys.

Lord Shaftesbury said, "Give me a generation of Christian mothers and I will undertake to change the face of English society in twelve months."

A woman wrote thus of her mother: "Mother was a little woman and never very strong. She had many severe illnesses, and was often at death's door, but she recovered and lived on. She had sorrows, but she survived them. She saw her friends depart, and she mourned for them; but she dried her tears, sought out some comforting word in the Book, took up her duty and continued to live.

"Mother became a grandmother, and then a great-grandmother; she even lived to be a great-great-grandmother. She died at the age of ninety-six and she had seen the blessing of God on her children's children and on their children.

"She spent her years as mothers do, caring for her home and loving her children, and teaching them to pray, and day and night lifting up her

own prayer to God to help her to be a good mother.

"In her old age she lived in the home of her son-in-law. He was in business, but his joy in life was the cultivation of flowers.

"She sat in the window and watched the flowers he planted, and she saw the world go by her window, and smiled serenely as it passed.

"Her son came out from the city to see her every week.

"He was employed by a great railway, and he rose step by step to be its president.

"Mother did not know how to run a railway, but she had a few simple maxims that directed her own life and constantly guided the judgment of others who had more conspicuous places to fill. 'Remember this my son,' she would say in her calm even voice, 'nothing really counts but character,' and 'Remember that duty never calls us to be in more than one place at one time.'

"At last she passed away, with a verse of Scripture on her lips. Hers was a quiet funeral. The minister read from her own Bible and paid a simple tribute to her memory. It was dignified, old-fashioned, and very beautiful. And although there was no publicity, the house overflowed with friends who came to pay their tribute to the memory of mother.

"Mother was little and frail; at her death she weighed only eighty pounds; but two special trains were needed to carry her and those who

loved her to the cemetery, and the traffic of a great railway system kept out of their way.

"In his private car the railway president sat with the minister, and said,—'I have tried to carry into my business the ideals I learned of my mother. I hope I have not failed to do so.'"

No mother realizes her influence unless she lives before her household as she ought to live, and thus becomes worthy of the praise of the Scripture which says, "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

A distinguished business man said, "When I was a child by mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it; never to gamble, and I do not know one card from another; never to drink, and strong drink has never passed my lips. I was but seven years old when she made these requests of me, and soon after she died, and whatever success I have had, whatever distinction I have attained in life, I owe all to my mother."

Who is it knows just what to do
When things go wrong and life looks blue?
Who is it sings amid her care
And smiles when shadows bring despair?
Who is it through her changeless day
Unchanging goes her faithful way?
Who is it keeps the light, the home,
Still sweet howe'er her loved may roam?
MOTHER

Who is it wins the crown she wears,
When love lays wreaths upon gray hairs,
And joys on wings of softest gleam
Leads home her little ships of dream?
Who is it, though she goes not down
Each day to business in the town,
Still lifts her burden, toils her share,
Fulfills her trust and meets her care?

M O T H E R

All honor to the mother who, in the midst of great discouragements, is trying to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith she has been called.

I know of one woman whose husband died leaving her without property; she gladly took up the burden which she seemed so poorly prepared to carry, and by her planning, her industry and her fidelity, but especially because of her Christian faith, she brought up her boys to stand as pillars of strength in the community and special workers in the church. There is nothing that can be compared with the work of a woman bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

If one is to be worthy of the tribute of the Scripture above quoted, she must be willing to fulfill the special conditions which are so clearly taught in the Bible.

She must realize the possibilities of her children. The mother who sees only human possibilities in her child is not worthy of the name of mother. She may be anything but a blessing.

A child may fill an honored position in society, become possessed of power and wealth, and never know how to live for the future. There is for every child an eternal life, and more than any one else the mother has the power to shape the child's destiny.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "A babe is a mother's anchor and she cannot swing far from her moorings, and yet a true mother never lives so much as when by the side of her babe. Her thoughts follows the imagined future of the child. The old ark never made such a voyage as the child makes each day in the mother's thoughts and prayers."

That was a beautiful thing which Hannah said: * "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there."

It is also necessary to set a right example before the children.

"When should we begin to train our children for the Lord?" was the question asked at a convention of women.

One mother stated that she began with her children at four years of age; and another said she began when the child first began to walk; still another said that she began when the child spoke its first word: finally an old gray-haired

*I Samuel 1:27-28.

mother rose to say, "You are all of you wrong, my sisters, for the time to begin is the generation before the child is born." We can quite understand what she meant, for we owe most of all that we have to our mothers.

I have known of many cases where the father has been wrong, and where the mother, by her sweet influence, has held her children for Christ, but the instances are very rare where children have been held for the right when the mother has not been true.

That was a beautiful thing said by a boy whose Sunday School teacher was describing Jesus without giving His name. She said to her boys, "This one of whom I speak was always living for others, always denying self, always cheerful, and always in every way helpful." When she asked the boys to tell her of whom she was speaking, one little boy, with face shining, a hand uplifted to attract her attention, and fingers snapping, said, "Please, teacher, I know who that is. That's my mother."

It would be difficult indeed to overthrow the influence of such a mother in the life of such a boy.

One of the most heartless things I know is for one to cause a mother suffering and pain. Sometimes this is the result of the thoughtlessness of children, sometimes by their disobedience and sin, and not infrequently it is caused by the sin of the husband and father.

In a public meeting a mother spoke thus:

"Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I want to speak to the young women still unmarried." All turned around and looked at her. She was a pale woman with dark sad eyes. Her white hair was combed back from her forehead, and there was something pathetic about her. "When I married a drunkard, I reached the depth of misery. I was young and happy; I married him because I loved him, and because he said he loved me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it, but I did not understand it. To love and marry a drunkard is the crown of misery. I have gone through the deep waters and I know what I am talking about. Do you wonder that my hair is white? It became white in one night. I am not yet forty years old, but seventy years snow rests on my head, and I cannot say how many years of sorrow.

"My husband was a salesman. His business took him away from home quite often, and when he came home he was always intoxicated. He gradually gave way to the temptation, and after a little while he was seldom sober. I had two lovely girls and one boy.

"One night my husband had been drinking much and I had not seen him for two days; I sat by the bedside of my sick boy. In the next room my two girls were sleeping, and next to this room was also a room. I heard my husband come in. I cannot say why, but an indescribable fear

crept over me, and I was sure that my daughters' lives were in danger. I ran to their door. It was locked. I rapped at the door, but received no answer. With an over-natural strength I threw myself against the door and it finally gave way and I was in the children's presence. O, what a sight I saw. My husband stood beside the bed with a lunatic's gleam in his eyes, and a knife in his hands. 'Take them away!' he screamed, 'take them away, they crawl all over me, take them away I say,' and he swung the knife high in the air. Without seeing the danger I was in, I ran over to the bed, and my heart seemed to stop beating suddenly. There lay my girls killed by their own father. In a second I could not utter a sound, I was dumb in my sorrow. Then he suddenly screamed, and the servants came running. When my husband saw them coming he drew the knife over his own throat and I fainted. Unconscious, I was carried from the room. The next day my hair was white and my mind so confused that I did not know anyone.

"Two years ago I recovered my mind," she said, "and then I started to take good care of my boy, but the father's sin was upon the boy; he also became a drunkard, and six months ago I put my eighteen year old boy in a drunkard's grave. When I, his mother, stood there and saw the earth put on his grave, I said that, 'I felt I would rather see him there than that he should live a drunkard.' I went back to my home, a

childless woman, upon whom God's hand had rested heavy."

One of my friends, Dr. George Stuart, says that he was invited to dinner at a certain home in the South, which was famed for its hospitality. When he entered the house the husband looked weary, the children were unkempt, the living-room was untidy, the dining-room looked as if everything had literally been thrown upon the table and he went away saying, "What a miserable home." The secret of the difficulty was that the mother was sick; she was tossing upon her bed in a fever, and her loved ones missed her.

A year later my friend went back to the same home to accept a similar invitation to dinner.

The husband walked by his wife's side from the church, the dinner service was perfect, the home beautiful, and he went away saying, "Is there anything so much like Heaven as a home like this?" And yet the two homes were the same, on the occasion of the first visit the mother was sick, and at the second visit she was well.

There is a far greater difference in a home where there is sin-sickness, especially when the sickness affects the life of a mother.

For a mother to be true is to be possessed of an influence second only to that of God Himself; for her to be untrue is for her to fail in rightly directing her child's life, not only for time, but for Eternity.

A mother and her young son were visiting the

Art Institute, Chicago, and looking at a collection of Doré's paintings, they came to a life-size picture of the Saviour. Another child near had asked a number of questions concerning this picture and the answering voice had said: "That's Jesus." The first boy tugged at his mother's dress and interrupted her as she was turning the leaves of her catalogue. "Mamma, who's Jesus?" he whispered, something in the wonderful face impressing even a child. As the mother passed to the next picture she answered impatiently: "Jesus was a man—don't bother me!"

Another mother had a picture of "Christ before Pilate" in a cheap little frame and hung in her bedroom. "Who's that?" asked her small son of two and a half years. "That's Jesus," replied the mother. "And what'd he say?" demanded the eager little fellow after some preliminary questions. Then it was that his mother taught him the Saviour's own words, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

General Hooker said, "If I had no other motive for being a Christian, I would be one for the sake of my good mother who did so much for me."

The mother of Philip Dodridge taught him Bible texts which were written on the tiles of the old Dutch fireplace, and held him by her sweet life until he rose to a position of power.

Out of one hundred and thirty candidates for the ministry it was found that more than one

hundred attributed their conversion to the influence of a mother. A mother never knows what she may do for her children if her life is right, and if she is living in fellowship with Christ, and in harmony with the will of God.

In 1709 the Epworth Rectory in England was in flames. It was the home of Samuel Wesley and he was the father of John Wesley.

The building was old and dry, constructed of lath and plaster and ancient timber.

On the midnight of August 24th, 1709, it was discovered to be on fire. The fire raced along the woodwork of the ancient rectory as though it had been so much tinder.

The rest of the household made a hurried escape, but John, in the alarm and hurry, was forgotten.

The little fellow awoke to find the room so full of light that he thought it was day; he lifted his head and looked through the curtains.

A red streak of fire was racing across the ceiling.

He sprang from the bed and ran to the door, but it was already a dreadful tapestry of dancing flames.

He climbed on a chest which stood beneath the window and looked out.

The night was black, but the light of the burning house fell on the upturned faces of a swaying crowd of agitated people.

The strong northeast wind, blowing through the open door, had turned the staircase into a

tunnel of flame. The father found it would be death to climb the stairs; he fell on his knees in the hall, and cried aloud to God for the child that seemed shut up in a prison of flame.

Mrs. Wesley herself, who was ill, had—to use her own phrase—"waded through the fire," and reached the street with scorched hands and face; as she turned to look back at the house the face of her little son could be seen in the window. He was still in the burning house.

There was no ladder; his escape seemed impossible. The boy, himself, heard behind him the crackling flames, and saw before him the staring, white-faced crowd, framed against the background of the black night.

One man, with more resource than the rest of the crowd, ran in beneath the window, and bade another climb upon his shoulders. The boy was reached, and just as he was drawn through the window, he heard the crash of the falling roof behind him.

"Come neighbors," cried the father, when his child was brought to him, "let us kneel down! Let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children. Let the house go. I am rich enough."

So far as I know, no one knows the names of the men who were used to rescue the little boy that day, but the fate of the great Methodist Church was trembling in the balance, and these men were faithful.

It is not to be forgotten that a mother's dependence is upon God. Hannah prayed and Samuel was born.

Monica prayed that her wayward boy might become a Christian, and he became St. Augustine, than whom few, if any, have been greater in history.

The mother of John Newton could not let God go, and her boy became a Christian.

I have a friend who has finished his life's journey and is now in the presence of God, who in his youth became a gambler. Just as he was about to take his life in a fit of despair, he threw himself on his cot and jarred from the shelf above his head a little book which fell and struck him on the head. He threw it away with an oath, and then remembered that it was his mother's Bible. Walking across the room he stooped to pick it up, and God in His good Providence had opened it at the page where his mother had written with trembling hand,—"Dear Ben, you cannot get away from your mother's prayers." He fell upon his knees, cried out to God for deliverance from his sin, and became a Christian. I happen to know that at the very time he was on his knees on the Pacific Coast, his mother was on her knees on the Atlantic Coast; her prayers spanned a continent and drew her boy back from despair. To the end of his life he rose up to call her blessed.

## VIII

## GOOD WAGES

*"Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."**

THIS is a part of an oriental scene. In itself it is fascinating. In its historical import it is thrilling. For many years I have told this story.

This little child of whom the Scripture speaks is destined to be the world's greatest leader of men, and therefore we look into his upturned face with peculiar interest and listen to the story of his childhood with rapt attention.

There are three beautiful pictures here suggested by the story of Moses. There is the picture of his mother, that of his sister Miriam, and also the picture of the daughter of Pharaoh.

The first picture is that of the mother with her child. Holding this little boy in her arms, like every other mother at such a time, she is not only interesting, but beautiful. Pharaoh had said, † "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river," and therefore she realized that her little boy was in peril.

For three months she had hid her child, and

*Exodus 2-9. †Exodus 1:22.

when she could conceal him no longer she made a little ark with her own fingers, weaving her love into the little vessel. She pitched it within and without with pitch to make it specially strong for her baby boy, then she carried it in her arms to the river and set it afloat in the flags by the river's brink. Strange to say it was the very river into which Pharaoh's agents would have cast the child had it not been hidden from them. In the one case it would have meant death to the child, but in the other case it meant life, and this suggests to me the thought of a child going out into the world with all its wickedness, its many pitfalls, its shame and its sorrows. If the child is without Christ the conflict will be sharp indeed. Temptations of every kind will assail it. Trials of every sort will be ready to overthrow it. Foes attractive and unattractive will lurk at every byway to claim the child as its victim, and the influence of Satan so alluring in the beginning and so awful in the end, will make the child's life as it grows to manhood or womanhood almost without hope.

On the other hand if the child goes out into this same wicked world, with the memory of a Christian home, held by the influence of a Christian mother, and followed day by day by the power of prayer, temptations may come, trials may be met, foes may allure, and Satan may seek to charm, but the life is one of victory.

What a perilous place for a little child of

three months, in a little ark in the flags by the river's brink; the boats traveling up and down the river, making waves large and small, might so easily submerge the small ark; the crocodiles swimming slowly past seeking what they might devour, could so easily crunch it, but it is quite useless to suggest these things, for Moses was not safer on the mountain with God, nor is he safer today than when, as a child, he was in the little ark, for he was where his mother had placed him, and she had moved under the direction of God.

The second picture which interests us in this oriental scene is that of Miriam, his sister—standing afar off and watching her little brother, at the same time keeping watch of all who might come near to do him harm. What wonderful influences surround children in general. I have always believed in guardian angels sent of God to protect little ones, like Heavenly influences holding them in the time of trial and delivering them in the hour of sin.

In the New Testament I read, * "In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in Heaven," just as if these heavenly messengers were reading God's will in His face that they might know what to do for little children unprotected and in danger. What wonderful guards keep watch over the child who has a fair start in life.

*Matthew 18-10.

The fact that the father is true to God serves as a guardian influence. Sometimes he is plain and possibly uneducated, but his faith makes his face radiant, and his life victorious, and as in memory the child turns back to him he is a veritable priest in the household.

The fact that the mother is consistent; how this holds a child.

An infidel lecturer had assailed Jesus Christ and His teaching, and as he thought, had done it successfully. Two young men walked out from the lecture together and one said,—"Well, he demolished everything, didn't he?" "No, indeed," said the other, "he never touched my old mother's religion."

The fact that family worship has been successfully and beautifully maintained, worship where the names of the children were spoken to God, sometimes with a sob, all these things have been Heaven's guards keeping watch over boys and girls as they have grown to manhood and womanhood and from which they cannot escape. These touch the memory at an important and critical moment, and the danger is passed.

In October, 1915, the word "mother" actually restored reason to a soldier in France, whose mind had been left a blank by shell and shock. A concert party had gone to London from the North of England to cheer up the sick, and one of their number, a well-known tenor, sang the old favorite, "Mother Machree." Among the audience was a

nerve-shattered soldier who came out of a bombardment not only blind, but almost an idiot. He could understand nothing, babbling meaninglessly and had to be treated like an infant. He was still blind when taken to the concert. The word "mother" recurred in the song and the soldier caught at it. When the song was finished he was still muttering the word to himself. But it proved the key to his memory. He began to recall detached incidents about himself, and later recovered both his mind and his sight.

The third picture which interests us so very much is that given to us on the oriental morning, when the daughter of Pharaoh goes down to the river to bathe. Her maidens are with her. Suddenly she saw this little ark and being interested she sent her maid to fetch it, and in the ark she saw the child, and on the child's face his tears. Her heart was touched. Miriam came at once to her, then the mother arrives, and Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." How true it is that all things work together for good to them that love God. If children are only started well and protected by prayer and consistent living, how securely they are guarded and how beautifully, as a rule, their lives turn out.

A dear friend who is now in Heaven was one of seven sons; they were a Scotch family. Six of the boys were true and one of them was drunken. The Scotch mother grieved constantly

for her boy. One day a neighbor came in to see her and said, "Mrs. Morrow, why do you weary so for John. You have six boys saved. Just let John go and rejoice in the six."

The mother rose tremblingly, holding on to the chair to keep from falling and said,—"Let him go? I shall never let him go. I gave that boy to God before he was born. I took him into the Kirk the first day I could walk and there I dedicated him to God. He is God's boy, and God will have him if He turns the world up-side down to get him." And my friend told me that his mother lived long enough to see John a Christian, a great judge, and an officer in the church.

When the home is right the battles of life for all the members of the household are half fought, and the victory of life is more than half won. I do not mean to say that ministers' homes are flawless, but I do mean to say that generally they are ordered according to Christian principles, as they should be.

It is significant at least that of the fifty-one names in the National Hall of Fame in the United States, twelve represent ministers' homes: Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, William Ellery Channing, Emerson, Holmes, Henry Clay, Agassiz, Bancroft, Beecher, Stowe, Lowell and Phillips Brooks, being fifty times more than the right proportion if other families measured up to the standard.

What a peril a child is in if it has a wrong

start in a home—if for example the child takes its first drink at home, or if the child plays its first game of cards at home, with human nature as weak as it is, and the downward pull of life so strong.

I have a friend who tells the story of a man with whom he dealt when he was doing Christian work in Sing Sing prison. The man was to be electrocuted and his mother came to bid him farewell. The son took his mother in his arms, and while she sobbed convulsively, the boy shed no tears. As she was being led out from his presence he turned to my friend and said, "Do you know, sir, I never would have been here but for her? I took my first drink of wine at her hands, and I became a drunkard in my home as a boy, and later in a blind, drunken passion, I killed a man, but she started me. You may have thought it strange that I seemed to show so little emotion at the final parting with my mother, but my heart is very hard when I think of my mother."

What a protection is about a child when it goes out from a home with the memory of all that is good and true, especially the memory of a mother.

How shall the children be brought up if they are to escape danger? Always be fair in your dealings with them. St. Paul says, "Provoke not your children to wrath," which means—"be considerate of them." Do not take advantage of their weakness.

"Little Mollie had been very trying all day. That evening when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed she said she hoped the child would be a better girl tomorrow and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper. Mollie listened in silence, thought hard and then said, 'Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves.' "

Always introduce them to Christ and do not make the mistake of waiting too long. There is a time in every child's life when impressions are easily made; the sad fact is that very often we allow them to grow to manhood and womanhood, and not having introduced them to Christ, the world has charmed them and we have lost them.

Always labor in faith, believe in God's Word, which never fails. Trust in Christ, He will never leave you, and your great question should be this:— NOT "Is your boy wandering?" or, "Are your children untrue?" BUT "Are you true?" and, "Are you believing?"

Not long ago in the Philadelphia North American I read the following:

"In the old burying ground of a town we know is one narrow mound, green at this time of the year, and marked by the simplest of white stone, on which are written deeply a certain name and these words: 'My Mother.'

"Every morning the year round one fresh flower is laid on this grave by a man well on in years, who, as he stoops, bares his head, whatever

the weather. Then he goes to his desk in the president's office of a big factory on the other side of the town.

"As he sits down to his day's work his eyes fall, first on the picture of an old woman, from whose face shines a strange mingling of grief and joy, as you have seen a glorious sunset light up the wreckage of a storm.

"More than twenty years ago this man came back to his mother in every physical way the opposite of what he now is. Ten years before that miserable home-coming his father had ordered him out of the hillside cottage, pushing him down the porch steps with a rum-reddened oath and warning him never to return.

"The people in the town said he did right, though they knew the young man's worthlessness was chiefly, if not solely, his father's fault. They felt sorry for the mother, but this son had always been a burden and she had enough to bear in the shiftless husband, who would have let her starve, as she might have done but for a little legacy so entailed that he could not lay hands on it.

"Three years later he died and she was left alone. Her friends wanted her to go to a sister in the city, but she would not. 'I must stay here to have the home ready if my boy should come back,' was her answer. And for each meal she set two places at the table, and each night turned down the covers of his bed.

"The night he came back she didn't know him

at first. At no other house in the town would such a creature have been admitted. But when he dragged himself to a chair near the light and whispered he had come home to die, she took his hands in hers, and holding back her tears, said to him, 'You've come home to LIVE!'

"A few weeks of her care made him over. She got him a job in the factory, taking him to work each morning and going for him each evening, so there'd be help at hand to fight off the old temptation. She lived to see him managing the place. Then, having conquered ingratitude, want and disgrace, very calmly she met the Unconquerable.

"And because he whose life had been saved and transformed by her love wanted to say the most that could be said, there are carved on the stone at the head of her last bed these words: 'My Mother.'"

What are the wages a mother receives if she is true to her position? They are very abundant. There is the realization she has done the best she could. There is the return made by the children themselves in strength of character and Christian comeliness. Then there is the reception in Heaven when the last battle is fought, the end of the journey is reached, the last tear has been shed, the last disappointment is over, and the mother faces HIM.

I think then He will say, "And where are the children I gave to you?"—and the answer will be, "They are all here, they are all safe Home."

Your children will come to Christ if you are true. Their coming may be delayed, but they will come, because the promise is unto you and unto your children.

It was in a little mountain cottage in Idaho. The minister had been away a day or so attending a convention and was informed on his return that Mother R——— was dying and wished to see her pastor. He went; he thought to be able to assist her, as her "feet were slipping over the brink." On entering he peered through the semi-darkness of the humble domicile, and after getting his eyes adjusted to the place, found her radiant and cheerful. The usual small talk of politeness ensued, and in its course he asked how she was. "Just fine," said she, "because I am getting ready to go away." "Going away! Where to?" echoed the pastor. "Why with Him there in the corner." "I see no one in the corner," said the minister. "No," said she, smiling, "I did not think you could, for you have not received your new eyes yet. Mine have come to me since I saw you last. The messenger is Jesus, and He has come for me, and I am packing now. I'll soon be ready."

That was on Friday. She died that night. Her funeral was to occur on Sunday. Early on the day of her interment a son, who heretofore had been a godless fellow apparently unreachable, though a man of family, came to the parsonage door carrying a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. Upon entering the door he said, "I have something

here that breaks my heart; I cannot stand it any longer." Unwrapping the bundle it was seen to be the old-fashioned family Bible. Turning to the family record where his birth was recorded he saw these words written by the hand that that day was still, and it was dated about fifteen years before:—"Lord, I promise Thee this day I will never cease praying for my children till Thou bless them." Said the grieving and weeping son,—"I want my mother's God to be mine today. I want my name to be entered on the records of the church before her face is laid out of sight, so that I can begin now to take her place in the work for the welfare of the world."

God is saying to you today regarding your children,—"Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages,"—and God always keeps His Word.

## IX

## A PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

*"My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."**

EVERY phase of family life is commented upon in the Bible; valuable lessons are everywhere found on the pages of the sacred Book.

The Scripture above quoted is a part of one of the most interesting stories in the Bible, because of the fact that here Jesus is turning aside to a representative of the Gentile world with a special blessing.

It is well known that He came with blessing primarily to the Jews, and they rejected Him, and as He nears the close of His earthly ministry He turns from them and, standing upon the slopes of Olivet, looks down upon Jerusalem, which is the representative city of the nation, and cries out saying:

†"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

"Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

*St. Matthew 15–22. † Matthew 23:37–39.

"For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

But here in this story, before the time of His turning away from the Jews nationally, He turns to a well-nigh broken-hearted Gentile mother and gives her the blessing for which her soul has been longing. Mary was the mother of blessing to the Jewish world, and indirectly, of course, through the channel of the Jews, a blessing to the whole world; but this woman is the channel of special blessings to those of us who are not of the house of Israel.

All the gracious work of Jesus, His helping the helpless, His comforting the sorrowing, and His saving the lost, follows from this incident. This story is specially interesting because of the fact that it is the picture of a mother in distress. The Bible always exalts motherhood; and the stories of mothers, as found in the Bible, have never been surpassed in pathetic interest and moving power. For example; Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not: the Shunammite mother hurrying to Elisha in Mount Carmel, telling him of her boy who was dead, and then taking the prophet back into the desolated home in Shunem, only to have her faith rewarded by having the boy restored to life: then there is the story of Mary, the mother of Jesus, well-nigh broken-hearted because Jesus had been crucified, and all

her earthly hopes had been blighted. And now comes the story of this mother who tremblingly appeals to Jesus and cries out saying: "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."

Stories of mothers wherever found rarely fail to move us.

In the city of Chicago two boys were sentenced to prison for murder; one eighteen years of age was sent for life, and the other seventeen years of age was given an indeterminate sentence from one year to life. There was a dramatic scene in the courtroom; just inside the bar enclosure, huddled down in chairs, sat the mothers of the two boy defendants, sobbing softly; tears streamed down their cheeks; their eyes shifted from the boys to the judge. The judge was touched by the scene. "Yes," he said, answering the appeal of the lawyer, "there are the mothers of these two boys. They are grief-stricken, heartbroken, my heart goes out to them; but this court has a stern duty to perform, and the sentence must be pronounced." When the sentence was given the sobbing women buried their faces in their hands and cried bitterly.

This Syro-Phœnician woman was grieved because of the condition of her daughter, and so she said, "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Whether the child was physically ill or morally wrong does not matter; the mother was in an agony.

The story is interesting because it was a girl

who was in need. To me there is nothing quite so pitiful. I hate the devil for every reason, but especially because without respect for their sex he claims so many girls as his victims; and as he blasts their lives, he holds so many of them as his victims not only for time, but for eternity.

There are so many reasons for the failure of girls. In the city of Chicago when a special study of vice conditions was being made, two hundred girls who had failed were questioned, and it was found that the chief reasons for the first delinquency of the girls examined were as follows: Promise of marriage 77; drinking 20; desire of fine dress 19; lack of parental restraint 15; dance halls 5; all other causes, each 1.

The stress of life for some girls is so very severe; they are not physically strong, though intellectually they are quite the equal of the opposite sex.

Some girls must bear such heavy burdens from childhood; they start with such odds against them; their lives are so sadly misdirected; society is so unfair to them.

There is a double standard of morality in the minds of too many people, and because of this, if a man sins, society will too often condone his sin, and receive him again with wide-stretched arms; while if a girl sins, doors of usefulness and opportunity are closed to her and rarely, if ever, opened; scorn is heaped upon her, and sympathy is denied her.

There is such a great amount of sentiment wasted in trying to save a girl after she has failed, and there is comparatively so very little being done for her in the way of prevention.

That was a sad story of little Mary Phegan who worked in a pencil factory in a Southern city, and was cruelly murdered. The whole country was aroused; vast sums of money were spent to discover and to convict the one who was guilty of the awful crime. Someone has imagined Mary Phegan saying after it was all over:

"You care a lot about me now when I am dead; you have spent thousands of dollars trying to learn who mutilated my body; you have filled the columns of your newspapers with the story of my wrong; but why did you not care for me when I was alive? I was a child, but you shut me out of the daylight; you held me within four walls watching a machine that crashed through the air, endlessly watching a knife as it cut a piece of wood. Noise fills the place,—noise, dust and the smell of oil. I wish some of the thousands of dollars that you spent on the trial might have kept me in school. Why did you despise me living and yet love me so now?"

Some girls are cursed with an ancestry; many a girl is what she is because her parents sinned before she was born; and, alas, it is true that the iniquities of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

In an Ohio city a woman died of smallpox; the

board of health in that city decided that the smallpox patient contracted the disease in making preparations for house-cleaning. It was learned that more than eight years before there was a case of smallpox in the same house; and physicians declared that the germs which had been lurking behind old wall paper were freed when she tore it from the walls.

Some man sins; and when he is dead and in his grave, his daughter reaps the harvest. Some woman fails; and when years have passed, another feels the weakness which has been transmitted to her.

Here again the home is frequently at fault. So many mothers fail to speak to their daughters concerning matters of which a daughter should learn only from her mother's lips; and, unwarned of danger ahead, the child goes forth into life too often an easy prey to one lying in wait to claim her as a victim. Or the father is careless as regards his living, or perhaps he is grossly sinful, either forgetting or indifferent to the fact, that he is setting his mark for good or evil upon his children born and unborn;—it is pathetic to see a young girl struggling through life with such odds against her.

Parents make a fatal mistake if they neglect to warn their children concerning the dangers of life, if they imagine that they can delegate to others the work which only a father or a mother is expected to do. Many a boy's life has been

ruined through ignorance of the way temptation might assail him, and many a girl has broken the hearts of those who have loved her dearly, just because she was overtaken by a sin she did not know how to meet or to avoid.

The following letter was handed to me at the close of a meeting. The woman who gave it to me was clearly suffering; I could see by the lines of her face that she had had a sad experience.

"Dear Sir: I attended the meeting Thursday night and was glad to hear you say you would preach as directly to women as to men. God alone knows what I have suffered for my past sin; it is before me always; I see it in my waking hours and in my dreams at night. I can't get away from it. Oh, how I wish that I might live just one day and forget the past.

"If mothers could only be brought to realize the importance of preparing their girls for young womanhood, to lay aside mock modesty, and tell them the mystery of life, and the sacredness of it, but instead we are left to learn about it from this one, and that one, and therefore get an altogether wrong conception of it.

"My sin goes back to the time when I was little; it went from bad to worse, until at the age of sixteen I fell; I did not realize the awfulness of my sin, it wasn't because I wanted to be bad, or to do wrong; it was more because I lacked the will-power to resist, and that is where mothers'

advice would save many a girl from a life of shame.

"My mother always seemed so far away and so distant; in fact, I can't remember when she kissed me last, it must have been when I was quite small. But aside from that she was a good mother and I love her dearly. She knows of my sin, but will never know what I have suffered.

"A few years ago I married and it was then I began to realize the awfulness of my past life, and if tears could wash away sins, surely mine would have been washed away; but instead they seem to crush me more and more as the days go by.

"I beg of you never to cease pleading with the young girls to turn from sin, and to warn mothers of their duty in preparing their daughters for womanhood, and the temptations that are sure to come to them.

"Please pray for one who so earnestly repents of her past sin, and who has resolved to live a better life in the future."

But when the home is right and its influence heavenly, when parents by counsel, by goodly example, by true devotion and the spirit of Christ, do their best, how different is the picture.

Too many fail at the point where, having under their influence young people at the most impressionable period of their lives, they do not hold them to that which is true. These young people are in our Sunday Schools, our Christian homes,

and our churches; but, alas, they drift away from us and sadly fail.

I was holding a midnight meeting in the city of Seattle, Washington. The service was held in a wretched dive. Twelve to fifteen hundred men and women were present; I have never forgotten the pathetic expression of their upturned faces.

They seemed to have lost everything, and yet for the moment hope seemed to be dawning in their souls.

In one of the boxes of the theatre I saw a group of girls. I was so impressed that I told the proprietor of the dive I would like to speak with them.

It was touching to see that for this religious service they had put on their best. Clothes long ago discarded had been taken out of trunks and boxes, and instead of tawdry finery, they were clad in the dresses they used to wear in other days. The youngest girl was sixteen, the oldest perhaps twenty. When I said to them, "Girls, have you ever been in a Sunday School?" not one of the company but told me that she had been, and had drifted away. This to me is a haunting memory, but the case is, it is not hopeless, for this Syro-Phœnician woman heard Jesus say, "Thy daughter is made whole," and for every prodigal daughter there is a way of escape.

There are three special and interesting pictures in this story.

The Saviour—how wonderful He is, how gracious, how condescending.

The girl—how sad the picture, just starting in life and vexed with a devil.

The mother—her eyes overflowing with tears, her lips trembling with emotion, her heart almost broken.

This is pathos at its climax. And yet when the mother brings her girl to the Saviour, the result is—the daughter is healed.

In connection with this story there are two pictures of Jesus which we would do well to remember.

In the first picture He is silent in the presence of the woman's grief, and though she cried out in an agony, "He answered her not a word." This is not an unusual picture. In St. Mark, third chapter and fifth verse we read, He entered the synagogue where there was a man with a withered hand, and He looked around in anger and was speechless. Anger, which is the result of malice, who cares for that? Anger, which is the result of envy, we scorn it. But anger on the part of the Son of God, whose love has been resisted and sinned against, who can face it?

It will be a sad, sad time when he who has grievously sinned with repentance, faces Him in His silence.

In St. Luke, twenty-second chapter and sixty-first verse, we have a courtroom scene in which Peter is accused of being one of Jesus' followers,

and he denies the fact; the Lord turned and looked upon him, saying never a word. What will you say when you face Him? You who have denied Him in business and pleasure, and in so many other ways and on so many other occasions, what will you say when you must face Him?

I was preaching once from the text: "What shall I do then with Jesus?" A man came to see me the next day saying, "I am not so much concerned about your text; but I am deeply moved. I am a fugitive from justice. I escaped from a New York prison, came West and changed my name, married an innocent girl under my assumed name. We have a little baby, and the question which has been running through my mind since I heard your text is this: not "what shall I do with Jesus," but, "what will He do with me?"

In St. Mark, eleventh chapter and eleventh verse, we read that He entered into the temple, looked round about and went out without speaking a word. This same Saviour is searching you. What does He see in your heart? What does He find in your life? Does He find sins unconfessed, sins hidden, sins encouraged? He may be silent now; but some day the Books will be opened and we must face Him in judgment, and you will hear Him speak.

In the second picture He seems to be severe, for the woman beseeches Him with tears and cries out in an agony, and He exclaims, "I am not sent unto you;" but it is only an apparent severity.

It is said that Whitfield, the great preacher, was one night preaching on the judgment, when in the midst of his sermon a thunderstorm came up. The roar of the thunder and the flash of the lightning gave the great preacher an opportunity to make a tremendous appeal, the like of which had never been heard before by the people.

Whitfield was requested to print his sermon, and he said, "I will if you will print the thunderstorm with it."

So when Jesus seems to be severe, we must take into account the look of His eye, the ring of His voice, the atmosphere of His life. As a matter of fact, He is never severe. This Saviour is the one who stooped and wrote a woman's forgiveness in the sands at His feet. He has saved a countless host of repentant sinners, and is waiting now to receive you and save your soul.

There is a translation of this mother's cry which makes it read: "My daughter is cruelly possessed of a demon." This seems to me to be the better translation. I can understand how a man would go wrong. I can even understand how a boy would drift and one day make a plunge into sin. I can also understand why some women of mature years could sin against the God who loves them; but why a girl should go astray is to me almost inexplicable. It is the tragedy of sin which marks her as a victim; the cruelty of the nature of the devil which holds her captive against her will.

Both sin and the devil are cruel in the extreme, because there is no respecting of sex, and our girls are in danger just as our boys are, and it should be remembered that there are three texts of Scripture which are for male and female alike:

First— "The wages of sin is death." This means death to everything that is worth while.

Second—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and it is one of the tragedies of life that this text is so true.

Third— "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

With the Books opened and the judgment day dawning, these are texts for men and women alike, and it is to me an awful thing that girls should go astray.

This Syro-Phœnician mother presents a picture pathetic in the extreme. Jesus is moving through the country, evidently a multitude is following Him. This woman is pushing her way to the front and is attracting the attention of every one, especially of the disciples. In order to protect their Master they are seeking to keep her back, and the literal translation of what they say is: "Send her away, she is wailing after us."

The sad thing about a sinful life is this,—We do not sin alone, but others suffer with us.

Picture a mother grown old before her time because her girl has whispered in her ear the story of her shame.

Picture a father whose hair is prematurely gray, and whose back is bent because the little girl he loved has sinned. Not only do earthly parents suffer; God suffers too, and so does Jesus.

Dr. S. D. Gordon of Quiet Hour fame, has a story of a New England minister whose boy had deceived him. He thought the boy was in school and one day the teacher came and said, "Sir, your boy was not in school Monday, nor Tuesday, nor Wednesday, and I thought I ought to come and tell you." It was great suffering for the father, for he thought the boy was true. When the son returned home the father told him what he had found out and how he had suffered. Then he said to him, "My boy, there's a law of life, that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin there will be suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Now," he went on, "you have done wrong. And I am in this home like God is in the world. So we will do this. I will send you to a room in the house where there are no comforts and you must stay there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you must stay up there as long as you have been a living lie—three days and three nights." They went upstairs and the father kissed his boy

and left him alone with his thoughts. When the night came on the father and mother were in despair. They could not read, they did not talk, the father sat with tears rolling down his cheeks. At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer; I'm going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latchkey softly so as not to awaken the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked—there Phil lay, wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks—for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy,—and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And he did it the second night, and the third night, and the boy is a minister today preaching the Gospel in China.

And this is a picture of God, as well as of an earthly parent. We had grievously sinned and He sent His Son into the world to speak for Him and make the way of escape plain to us. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

When the Syro-Phœnician mother first came in behalf of her daughter, she addressed Jesus as the "Son of David." That was the name a Jew might have given to Him and He answered her not. Then she called Him "Lord," and her daughter was healed. The explanation of this is found

in Romans, tenth chapter, twelfth and thirteenth verses.

"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

It is possible for us to call upon Him by the wrong name and receive no help. Call Him a man, however wonderful He may be in your estimation, and your sin will still face you.

Call Him a teacher, however great your conception of Him may be, and there is no forgiveness of sins.

But call Him Jesus, the Son of God, and salvation will be the inevitable result. No case is too hopeless for Him.

There would be far less danger ahead of our daughters if homes were ordered according to the Divine plan, and if the modern home were a place where Christ is honored and loved; where prayer is often heard; where praise is a part of family life; where God's Word is believed and taught,—then forth from such homes would go young women who would grace society, strengthen the church and bless the world.

# X

## SAFETY FOR YOUNG MEN

*"Is the young man Absalom safe?"**

THE Scripture above quoted is a part of one of the most interesting and, at the same time, one of the most dramatic incidents in the Old Testament Scriptures. The two main characters in the story we know quite well, and they stand before us, the one an inspiration and the other a warning.

The first is David. He was keeping his sheep and doing it well, when he received the call to come up higher, and he by the way of the sheepfold passed on to the throne.

The second is Absalom. He is David's son. He is reaping the harvest which is always due when one lives an unrestrained life, practices selfishness and deceit, and allows himself to be drawn or forced into sin.

It is true that David was in part the cause of Absalom's failure, but it is also true that the weakness of a man's ancestry is no legitimate excuse for his personal failure; for while there is always the downward moral pull which lays hold upon all the members of the human family, there

*II Samuel 18-29.

is also the upward lift of God; and the force that is with us is mightier than the forces which are against us.

There are two scenes which we must consider in order that we may appreciate this Old Testament story.

The first is a hotly contested battle.

The soldiers of Absalom and the soldiers of David the king, are fighting furiously. The following words are descriptive of the great event:

* "So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; Where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured, And Absalom met the servants of David, And Absalom rode upon a mule and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away."

When this tragic event took place and Absalom came to his untimely end, and while he was still hanging by the hairs of his head in the thick boughs of the great oak,

† "A certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak.

* II Samuel 18:6–9. † II Samuel 18:10–14.

And Joab said unto the man that told him, And behold, thou sawest him, and why did thou not smite him there to the ground? And I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise I would have wrought falsehood against mine own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me. Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak."

When Absalom was dead two messengers hurried away to carry the news to David.

The second scene is introduced in the following words:

* "And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and beheld a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near."

As he drew near he cried out, "All is well," and the king said, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

*II Samuel 18:24–25.

When the first runner failed to give the proper answer, the king commanded him to turn aside, and as the second messenger came near, the king cried again, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

* "And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

In the stories of both of these men, the father and the son, we have an illustration of Galatians 6:7—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Study the father. He was a shepherd boy keeping his flocks upon the hillside, studying God in nature and in close communion with Him, and thus he had almost everything to make him good. He was a king surrounded by all the influences of the throne, and with God's pledge that He would help him, so he had everything to keep him good, but in spite of all the influence of both Heaven and earth, he failed.

So many young men stand in the same position; the influence of a home, the teaching of a mother, the imparted knowledge of God's Word, the influence of church and Sunday School, the kind counsel of friends, the training in the schools;—

*II Samuel 18:32-33.

all these things should help to make one true, and yet in spite of all that would pull them up, life is a failure.

There is such an opportunity for young men. The great call today is for young men who are equipped to fill positions of trust, but they must be possessed of character and worth, and character is never really well built unless the teachings of Christ are closely followed and His commands obeyed.

"Let no man despise thy youth," St. Paul wrote to Timothy, and well he might so write his son in the Gospel, because young men have always played a great part in the world's history.

George Washington was a Major at nineteen; at eighteen Charles Spurgeon was a pastor; Alexander the Great was only twenty when he ascended the throne; all Ireland was thrilled with the eloquence of Robert Emmet when he was but twenty-three; when at the age of twenty-five John Hus was a flaming herald of truth; Mark Antony was the hero of Rome at twenty-six; the immortal Napoleon had revolutionized Europe at twenty-eight; Nathan Hale laid down his life for his country's sake before he was twenty-two; Luke tells us that Jesus was about thirty years old when He began to preach.

But keep this well in mind, there is no chance for him who idles his way through life. Do not forget the places from which God has called His workers in the past,—David when but a lad, from

tending his father's sheep, Moses from the king's palace, Joseph from his father's house, Elisha from following the plow, Matthew from his tax gathering, Peter from his fishing, Paul from his tent making, Moody from a shoe store, Bunyan from his trade as a tinker, Carey from his shoe making, George Whitefield from his inn-keeping.

Perhaps there is no story ever written which gives so sharp a warning regarding a father's sin as it affects a son, as the story of David who was tempted and who in an unguarded moment fell.

If sin marred only the life of the transgressor, it would be bad enough; but it travels in wider circles, and years after the sinful act, another suffers.

"My sin looked at me out of the eyes of my son," were the words which fell from the lips of a man who had seen his son for the first time under the influence of liquor. He never knew the full tragedy of his own over-indulgence until it became the indulgence of the boy whom he looked upon with all a father's pride and love.

The saddest thing about the tragedies which affected the domestic life of David was that, in a sense, they were the reflections of his own wrong-doing.

Old sins came back to leer at him in the deeds of his son.

The poison which had been taken out of his own blood reappeared in the untamed and fiery energy of Absalom.

In one of the stories by a powerful English writer, a complacent and respected citizen is boasting of the fact that he has been able to survive the sowing of wild oats.

He had his fling as a young man, and later was able to make a place for himself in the life of the community. While he is speaking his son comes in, a son who will carry to the grave the weakness he has inherited from his father. That half-imbecile son is the answer to the father's complacent words.

Indulgence has a way of mortgaging the future. A man's acts work out their consequences not only in his own life—they work out their consequences in the lives of his descendants. It has often been true that a man sowed the wind and his son reaped the whirlwind. The most eloquent voices crying out for clean and self-controlled living, could we but hear them, are the voices of posterity—calling in piteous appeal, and begging to be born without the handicaps which the indulgence of this generation will fasten upon the lives of the generations which are to come. James Lane Allen, in one of his books, has drawn a picture of a young man standing before the portrait of a Cavalier ancestor and a Puritan ancestor, while the two strains are fighting their battles in his own blood.

The virtues and the vices of the past do battle in men living today. The sins of today will look

out of the haggard weary faces of men of tomorrow.

Absalom was willful; he would not be in subjection to the king.

He was vain; he considered himself a greater leader than his father.

He was deceitful; for he wickedly won his father's forces away from him.

He was wholly bad; for no sin could be greater than that which causes a father a heartache, when the blow is struck by the one who bears his father's name.

His end was despair; and we see him swinging from the boughs of the tree with the darts through his heart.

The penalty is just what we may expect always. We shall reap if we sow; we shall reap *what* we sow; and we shall reap *more* than we sow.

There is such a tendency today to minimize or make light of sin. It is spoken of as a mistake, or as a slight deviation from the strait and narrow path.

A young man sins, and thinks that by some decision to reform he can blot out his sinful past. He is unmindful of the fact that all sin is deadly in its working, and if unrestrained has despair for its goal. All sins, save one, might be given up, —that one sin will mean ruin.

An Australian scientist spent the greater part of his life experimenting with the venom of snakes, in the endeavor to discover an effective antidote.

To this end he kept in a deep pit on his property near Sydney a number of snakes, from which he extracted the venom from time to time. Finally, he discovered an antidote which, after numerous experiments, proved effective. With the recipe for this antidote he went to India in the hope of making a fortune by selling it to the Indian Government.

One day he proceeded to demonstrate the efficiency of his antidote to a number of scientific and professional men. For this purpose he took a krait,—a small snake, but one of the most deadly serpents in India—and allowed it to bite him several times on the wrist. With his antidote, he then treated four small punctures on his arm resulting from the bites, with apparent success, for immediately afterwards he went to lunch with the professors. Not long after lunch he developed symptoms of snake-bite poisoning, and despite all efforts to save him, he was dead in an hour. A careful examination revealed the fact that instead of four punctures there had been five. He had omitted to treat one puncture.

There are certain foes which all the time beset the young; they are foes which lurk on the pathway of life and eagerly watch for victims.

There is idleness.

It is when the brain is idle, and the hands are folded, and the feet are still, that Satan shoots his darts.

There is the formation of habits which hurt

us; habits which seem so trifling and so insignificant at the beginning, and which are so awful in the end.

There is the impaired will; the weakening of that which is the strength of manhood, for when one loses the power to say "no," he is lost to all that is best.

There is the encouragement of some small and secret sin which grows until manhood is wrecked.

When crossing the bridge which spans the River Tay in Scotland not long ago, my attention was directed to a great piece of iron protruding from the river, and I was told that it was the ruins of the old Tay Bridge.

This bridge was a marvel of engineering skill. The London Express was thundering over the Bridge when suddenly the bridge shivered and fell with a crash. The fatality was terrible. When an inspection had been made it was found that in one of the girders of the iron bridge there was a blister. It was a point of weakness, and the bridge had gone down because that particular girder gave way. All men who fail begin to sin in just so small a way as that, and the wreck is just as complete.

This is an important question—"Is the young man safe?"—and the answer is easily given.

Not if his mind is impure, if his heart is unclean, if his passions are unmastered, if bad habits bind him and hold him a prisoner.

I have in my possession a one dollar bill. It

was given to me in a Western city by a man whose heart was broken. He had written in red ink on the back of this dollar bill, "This is the last of forty thousand dollars. I once had a home, a wife and a child. I began to sin. I have lost everything. This is the last dollar I have in the world. Young man in God's name, do not sin, and above all, do not drink."

Why not ask the question again—"Is the young man safe?"—and again the answer is easy to give.

Yes, if in God's strength he resists the devil.

Yes, if he will order his life according to the Word of God.

Some time ago a sailor who belonged to the United States Navy found that his vessel was to be in Japanese waters for several months, so he wrote to his wife and child in California telling them that if they would go to Nagasaki, Japan, he could see them frequently. They set out on the journey only to find when they reached Japan that the warship had not arrived, for suddenly (unknown to them until a long time afterwards) the vessel was ordered to another port. The wife and child stopped in a so-called American hotel until all their supply of money was gone, then they were turned out into the streets, and the trunk which had belonged to the mother of the wife of the marine, was kept to pay her bill. She went to one of the missionaries in Nagasaki and told her story. She did not care so much for her trunk, but she did want her mother's Bible which was in

the trunk, so the missionary went with her to get it. Of necessity they passed through the barroom of the hotel.

A number of American sailors were there in charge of one of the officers of the ship. The missionary said to the keeper of the hotel, "This woman wants her mother's Bible; you may keep the trunk." His only answer was a sneer, then the missionary turned to the officer in charge of the seamen and told the story. The keeper of the hotel was commanded at once by the officer to bring the Bible, which he did in fear and trembling. It was placed in the woman's hands, and as she walked out with the Bible plainly visible to all, every seaman at the command of his officer stood at attention, and gave the same salute that he would have given to the flag.

God has given to every one a sure foundation upon which to build, and this foundation is the Word of God.

We have in the New Testament Scripture the account of the man who built his house upon the sands, and the winds came and the floods beat against the structure, and it fell in ruins. And also of the man who built his house upon the rock, and neither wind nor storm could shake this building, because its foundation was strong.

We are wasting time, therefore, when we build, having given little thought to the foundation. The sad story of many a ruined life is made possible because God's Word is not received, its

teachings are not followed; and when the stress and storm of life are on, wreck and ruin are made complete.

There are many great stories in mythology concerning Hercules. One of the most striking is his wrestling with the Libyan Antæus who was supposed to be the God of the Earth, who in order to be overthrown, must be held in the air, because he grew stronger every time he touched his Mother Earth. It is said that Hercules sent out a challenge for a great wrestling match. He wanted to meet some one who was his equal in strength; crowds gathered to witness the combat, realizing that the struggle would be a great one, and the victory would be hard for either man to win, if both were as masterful as Hercules.

No one seemed willing to test his strength against that of the giant, until at last there came before him a little man, extremely diminutive. As he stood in the presence of this great giant Hercules, the people jeered and mocked him, and Hercules himself sneered at his would-be foe. But the wrestling match was on, and although he did his very best, Hercules could not lift his opponent, nor could he throw him. Defeated and humiliated, he retired from the presence of the multitude. That night while sitting alone in his humiliation there came into his presence a man who said, "I will give you the secret of your enemy's strength, and if you will give me gold, I will tell you how you may win the victory over

him." When the gold was promised he said, "You are struggling with Antæus who is known as the God of the Earth, and just so long as he keeps his feet on the ground, all the strength of the earth is his. But if you can lift him suddenly from the ground, you can throw him easily."

Hercules was greatly encouraged.

The next day the struggle went on again; suddenly Hercules lifted Antæus from the ground, and in a second Antæus was helpless as a child in his hands, and was thrown violently.

An enemy stronger than Hercules faces every young man as he starts forth in the way of life, but there is but one way of escape for him.

This way of escape is indicated in the Word of God. Make the Bible your foundation for life; stand squarely upon it; accept its teachings and live in its power. If you are thus building on what may be called the Rock of Ages, all the strength of God is yours, and defeat is impossible.

From one of the battlefields in Europe a young officer was brought into the base hospital, shot in the throat, and with other terrible wounds. After long treatment in France he was judged able for the journey to England; but when all was in readiness his nurse noticed that he exhibited signs of uneasiness. She knew from his eyes that he wanted to say something (his right hand was wounded and his left was so feeble that it could not hold a pencil). Deftly the nurse questioned him, but his eyes remained

miserable and unsatisfied. The doctor in charge was called, and had an inspiration. "Is it 'Thank you'?" he whispered. The boy's eyes gleamed as he tried to nod, and he lay back ready for his journey to another hospital.

This story reached the home of the soldier in Scotland, and a loving sister went at once to tell their old nurse, who lived near the "Big Hoose" gates. "Isn't it lovely, Nannie, that it was 'Thank you' Dick wanted to say?" she asked. But Nannie was not at all pleased. "Gin I had bin there, I wud hae kent fine what he wiz meanin'. Uv course it wud be 'Thank ye.' 'Thank ye' wuz the verra first distinct wurrds Maister Dick ever said, an' weel ye ken he's said them iver since."

Expression of appreciation had evidently been the rule of life with the young officer. Hence in the midst of suffering he was not unmindful of kindness shown.

Since God in His goodness has made the escape from sin's power possible, why not, as an expression of gratitude, yield your life to Him,—then life will be worth while.

# XI

## HOUSEHOLD PROTECTION

*"He kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks."**

*"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."*†

THE story of Daniel is always interesting. From a prophetic standpoint it calls for the most faithful and painstaking study. Daniel also gives to us an illustration of the power of prayer, and prayer is the great protection offered to us of God for our households.

Daniel's enemies were seeking to entrap him, and we read concerning them:

‡ "Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God. Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live forever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king,

*Daniel 6–10. †St. Luke 18–1. ‡Daniel 6:5–10.

establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the decree. Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."

Such devotion to principle as this on the part of Daniel rebukes the indifference of the modern Christian, and especially carelessness as regards prayer on the part of the average head of a household.

Such praying rebukes modern practical unbelief in prayer, for while we say with our lips that we believe in prayer, our lives deny the assertion because we pray so little.

Such a spirit of prayer as that which is shown in Daniel when he opened his windows towards Jerusalem and kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks before his God, is one of the greatest needs of modern times.

Daniel was not so very politic. He might have prayed secretly, but had he done so he would have been a moral coward, and moral cowardice is the undoing of many a head of a household.

If a father does not pray before his children he loses the greatest opportunity which is given to him of God to influence their lives for the right, for when one prays, if he is honest he must

live out his prayer, and when prayer is lived out it not only prevails with God, but it influences a household.

I was preaching to a crowd of miners in the Rocky Mountains, they did everything they could to embarrass me. When they heard that I was a minister they ridiculed my attempt to make them hear my words. When I offered a prayer they were in every way irreverent. When I attempted to read the Scriptures they drowned out my voice with their loud shouts, and in some cases, with their profanity.

But when the crowd was hushed for a moment I cried out: "Men, listen, I have a message your mother used to love and I want you to hear it. I have a story to tell that will carry you back to your old homes and make you recall the days when you were care-free boys. Listen!" And from that moment on until the end of my service the interest was intense; the attention given me was wonderful.

A home is as it should be when the mother is true, when she seeks to be like Christ, and when in all things she tries to exemplify His teachings.

A home is true when the father is a fit representative of Christ, and if when a father has lived his life and is placed in his tomb, his children can say, "My father was the most like Christ of any one I have ever known," then his life has been worth while.

A home is true when the atmosphere is as God

meant it should be, and yet a home may have a Christ-like father, and a heavenly atmosphere, and occasionally the children go wrong.

There is the story of Aaron Burr. He was the son of a minister. His mother was a beautiful woman in person and personality. She was possessed of great faith. She was the daughter of Jonathan Edwards. All of Aaron Burr's immediate relatives were honorable, and yet notwithstanding he was the son of such parents, he was sensual, selfish and sinful. He was tried for treason. He has left a reputation unrelieved by any generous act, yet this is the exception which proves the rule.

Rescue mission workers tell us that when a home is right, that boys may wander, but they will as a rule turn back to God again, and that the majority of men who have made shipwreck of life and are reclaimed in rescue missions, testify that they were always unable to get away from home influence.

Prayer is a mighty power which helps us to hold a household, and if we knew how to pray, life would be worth while. I do not know of any definition of prayer better than that which is given us in the hymn:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
  Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
  Which trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is a clear command of God, and if the command is not obeyed, the individual who is disobedient suffers, and all over whom he has an influence will suffer with him.

Prayer is essential to Christian growth, and is so wonderful that not only does the one grow who prays, but if he prays aright, all who are under his influence will be strengthened.

Prayer is communion with God; that is, talking to God and letting God talk to us. It is having fellowship with Him. It is waiting quietly before Him and saying, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Prayer is fellowship with each other, and because it is it helps to hold the household. We are nearer together when we pray for each other.

A mother's life is more compelling if she knows how to pray.

A father's strength is greater if he is not a stranger to prayer, and parents and children are drawn closer together because the voice of prayer is often heard.

I remember my first experience in Belfast, Ireland. I was practically unknown to the people and I was nervous and afraid. The night of our first meeting was rainy and disagreeable. The Secretary of the meeting came to our hotel for us, and we were riding in an old-fashioned cab to the place of the meeting, the rain beating against the glass windows of the cab, when my friend seated opposite us leaned forward, removed his hat, put his hand on my knee and broke into prayer, saying something like this: "Our Father, bless our dear friend in this first meeting in Belfast. He is a stranger to many of the people and do not let him be afraid. Make him feel at home tonight because we all love the Lord together."

And when he finished his prayer there were tears in his eyes and answering tears in mine, and from that day until this I have loved this friend very dearly. Prayer bound us together.

To miss prayer is to be without power.

To neglect prayer is to sin.

We shudder at the thought of sin because it separates us from each other. It robs us of peace; it separates us from God. But how few of us real-

ize that to be prayerless is to be sinful. I need prayer for my own sake.

I would be true,
For there are those who trust me;
I would be pure,
For there are those who care.

I would be strong,
For there is much to suffer,
I would be brave,
For there is much to bear.

I would be friend,
To all the poor and friendless,
I would be giving,
And forget the gift.

And this is all quite possible when the spiritual life is right and we know how to pray.

I need to know how to pray because it will help others. Many a child has been held by a father's prayer when he has been thousands of miles away and has been rushing headlong towards sin.

I have been told the story of the vessel which was in danger of going to pieces on the Irish Coast. The fisher folk whose loved ones were on the ship knew the danger, and they gathered with the minister upon the shore to pray that He who holds the sea in His hands would keep their loved

ones. The vessel plunges into the waves, shakes and shudders, the case seems hopeless, captain and crew are just about giving up, when through the speaking trumpet the captain shouted, "Lads, if we go down once more there is no hope." And they did go down once more, but the vessel came up and righting herself prepared to face another giant wave, then the captain shouted again, saying, "Lads, there is someone praying for us on the shore tonight, and we will weather the storm," and they did.

There is certain definite New Testament teaching regarding prayer.

In First Peter, fourth chapter and the seventh verse, we read: "But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." And the suggestion to be sober when we pray, or literally not to be intoxicated when we pray, does not mean of course intoxicated with strong drink, but with worldliness, pleasure and with sin.

I had a gentleman come into my study to tell me that he had made up his mind to unite with my church, and that he was becoming very rich and wanted to do his best for Christ, but the same man came three months later to say that he was in great distress, that his wealth was rapidly increasing, and without realizing it he was becoming intoxicated with wealth and was losing his spiritual power.

There is also the suggestion made in First

Thessalonians, fourth chapter and the eleventh verse. "And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you."

We must be quiet when we pray. Of course there is agonizing prayer. There is prayer which is offered with groanings which cannot be uttered, but the prayer which means spiritual development, and the increase of personal influence over others, is quiet prayer.

The dew falls when all is still at night, and the dew of Heaven falls upon us when we know how to approach God reverently.

Jesus is an example of prayer, and in St. Luke's Gospel I find wonderful illustrations of His power in prayer. When He was praying the Holy Spirit descended upon Him, and I read in St. Luke, third chapter and the twenty-first verse: "And when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened."

After a night of prayer He chose the twelve. * "And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples; and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles; Simon (whom he also named Peter) and Andrew his brother, James and John, Philip and Bartholomew, Matthew and Thomas, James the son of

*St. Luke 6:12–16.

Alphæus, and Simon called Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot, which also was a traitor."

When He had prayed Peter confessed Him. * "And it came to pass as he was alone praying, his disciples were with him: and he asked them, saying, Whom say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again. He said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? Peter answering said, The Christ of God."

There are four special illustrations of prayer in the life of Jesus. He prayed before day. † "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." And it has always been true that the day which begins with prayer proceeds along the line of victory, while the day starting without prayer is a prophecy of defeat.

After He had worked a miracle He prayed. ‡ "And when he had sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone."

The most dangerous day for a Christian as a rule is the day which follows his victory, for there is such a tendency to depend upon himself and trust to his own strength.

*St. Luke 9:18–20. †St. Mark 1:35.
‡St. Matthew 14:23.

Jesus prayed before He worked His miracles and after He had worked them; He was always praying. He prayed before the resurrection of Lazarus. §"Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me."

This is the secret of soul-winning. If we knew how to pray we could win our friends to Christ.

As He prayed His countenance was changed. †"And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray."

It is when men see in our faces the look that is heavenly, and detect in our voices the ring that is unquestionably spiritual, that they trust us, and a household filled with the spirit of prayer is very like Heaven.

There are certain spiritual lessons which need to be drawn from prayer, and with which we ought to be very familiar.

I remember hearing Mr. Moody tell the story of his little boy coming into his room when he was busy, he sent him out, and he came back again, he sent him out once more, and when he came the third time Mr. Moody said, "Why do you keep coming when I tell you not to bother me?" and the little fellow said, "Father, I just want to be with you," "and you may believe," said the evangelist, "that I made his stay possible and my heart

§St. John 11:41. †St. Luke 9:28.

burned as I looked into his little face and the whole atmosphere of the room was like Heaven."

Prayer is essential to revival. In the early history of revivals in this country there is the story of a New England blacksmith who became greatly concerned for the people in the village; indeed, so concerned that he could not work, so he closed his shop, went into his house and prayed all the rest of the day, the next Sunday the people confessed Christ as a Saviour in great numbers, and the striking thing about it was that they dated their conviction to the time of his praying.

It would be such an easy thing to fill a house with the atmosphere of Heaven, and because of this atmosphere to lead our children to Christ, if we only knew how to pray. It is the secret of winning one's friends to Christ, and of course one's children.

I was speaking in a New England town a number of years ago on the Power of Prayer, when one of the deacons came forward saying, "Excuse me, sir, but I have a better illustration than the one you used. My boy was a student in a medical college in the city nearby. We thought him a good boy, but a neighbor came to us one day and said that he had seen him on the streets of the city intoxicated, and our hearts were all but broken. His mother and I prayed almost all night for him, and would you believe it, sir, when the train from this city came in the next day at noon, my son stepped off the train,

hurried out to his home, threw his arms around my neck and said, 'Father, I have been doing wrong, but all last night I was in an agony and could not sleep, and I have come home to ask you to help me to be right.'"

And then he led me back through the audience and introduced me to his son, a successful physician and a deacon in the church.

It is when we know how to pray that home is like Heaven.

## XII

## BUILDING A HOME

*"Every one over against his house."**

THE city of Jerusalem is lying in ruins. For months it has been the picture of despair.

The city walls are down; the temple has been defaced; the homes in the city have been made desolate.

Nehemiah, the cup bearer to Artaxerxes the king, has heard of all this ruin, and as he appears before the king is sad of countenance.

He makes a request of the king for leave of absence and goes to view the ruins, taking with him a few trusted men, and as they see the havoc which the enemy has wrought, they determine to rebuild the city, and especially the walls thereof, and two remarkable things are said concerning the proposition to rebuild,—the first, that the people had a mind to work,—and thus the victory was half won,—and the second, every one was to build over against his own house, and this was as it should be.

When the enemy heard that the walls were thus to be reconstructed they ridiculed the fact,

*Nehemiah 3-28.

but night and day the people worked trowel in one hand and sword in another. Half the number of the people stood guard while the other half worked, and at last the task was finished, for every one had builded well against his own house.

The same picture of desolation is to be seen today. It is due in part to the fact that we are losing our reverence for the Bible; to many people it has become just an ordinary book, and men pass judgment upon it as they would upon any other book, and in so doing they lose its spiritual force and power and are blinded to the vision of Him who is the heart and life of it.

We are losing our respect for the Lord's day; it has become just one day in seven; the most trifling excuses keep us from the house of God, until at last we grow indifferent to the claims of the day and it is given up to pleasure, to merry-making, and to the keeping of social engagements, and the day instead of being a blessing, as it was intended to be, leaves us fatigued and spiritually weakened, and when reverence of the Lord's day is gone we have parted company with that which has strengthened character in all the ages past.

There is also a disposition to discount the things that used to be sacred, but the most serious condition facing us at this time is that which has to do with the home.

Fathers and mothers are not as once they were.

Children have in so many cases ceased to be respectful to age or to authority.

The atmosphere of the home is anything but heavenly, while the family altar, which used to be a part of every Christian home, has been brushed aside and considered of little worth, the desolation is really greater than that which faced Nehemiah when he gazed upon the ruins of the city of Jerusalem.

It is the conviction of many that times will never be better until as individuals we begin to search our hearts, and as heads of households we begin to build for better things, indeed, every one over against his own house.

In the First Epistle of Peter, the second chapter, fifth verse, in which there is a description of the building of the spiritual house, which is none other than the Church of God, we read: "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," and it would seem that in building our homes we might do well to remember that as lively stones the members of the household go to make up the house in general.

If this be true, then when lives are lived out of harmony with the will and plan of God great harm is done.

The father who has lost the idea of such spiritual living can so easily injure his children; therefore, the suggestion is made that if our homes are to be as God meant they should be, we must

lay hold of that which will make us right as individuals.

In order that this may be accomplished we must turn for help to the Word of God.

It is the foundation upon which we must build.

It is the atmosphere in which we must live.

It is the source of strength to which we must turn in time of weakness.

It is the secret of comfort in the hour of trial.

It is everything that we need and must have that we may be as God originally planned our lives.

In order that all the conditions may be met it will be well to turn to the Psalms for help, and in that memorable part of the Psalter, Psalm 119, in the eleventh verse we read: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Here is the best thing, "Thy Word." It is hidden in the best place, "my heart." It is hidden for the best purpose, "that I might not sin against God."

If this Psalm were committed to memory, and its precepts practised, homes would be well-nigh perfect.

There are 176 verses in the 119th Psalm and all but six of them mention the Word of God as statutes or laws or testimonials. The six exceptions to this rule are verses 3, 37, 84, 90, 121 and 122; what a testimony to the power of the Word of God.

This Psalm has exercised a profound influence always. David Livingstone at nine years of age was given a New Testament for committing it to memory, and throughout his life it profoundly influenced him.

Children are so much more easily impressed with spiritual things than we realize. The Bible has a peculiar way of fastening itself to one's memory, and then just at the right moment in times of stress and strain it asserts itself, and many a Scripture learned in childhood never loses its force throughout the longest of life's journeys.

In a Christian home in Queensland, Australia, where the Bible is loved and studied, a little boy three and one-half years old was asked to give his version of the Twenty-third Psalm, and instantly he gave the following interpretation of this dearest Psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me lie down on the green grass. He leads me by the still water. He makes me better when I'm sick. He leads me along the straight road. When it's dark I'm not afraid of the lions and tigers and bears and monkeys because Jesus has got a stick to keep them away. He gets ready a nice dinner for me on a table; He pours some oil over my head; He fills up a cup of tea until it comes up to the brim and runs over into the saucer. Surely goodness and mercy shall run after me as long as I live, and when I die I'll go up to Heaven to be with Jesus forever."

This Psalm is loved by old and young alike, and following this childish interpretation of it we may well read what has been given by one of the great Sunday School workers of our country.

"If the Lord is my Shepherd then I am His Sheep,
O the thought fills my soul with delight,
For We pasture together, by still waters deep,
And We shelter together at night.

Yes, the Lord is My Shepherd, and I am His Sheep,
O my cup runneth over the brim,
For I'm fully persuaded 'He's Able to Keep,
That which I have committed to Him.'

And throughout my whole life, my 'Good Shepherd' He's been,
And His constant protection He gives,
He has loved me and saved me in spite of my sin,
And He'll do it as long as He lives!

Yes, the Lord is My Shepherd, and I am His Sheep,
O the thought fills my soul with delight,
For, We pasture together by still waters deep,
And We shelter together at night."

The 119th Psalm presents the Word of God under such striking figures. For example,—it is the object of our affections. * "O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day."

*Psalm 119:97.

God's Word may be approached in the wrong way, or in the right way.

If we approach it critically it will like a sensitive plant close its leaves and withhold its sweetness. If we approach it in the right way with sincere affection, it opens up before us in matchless splendor.

It is our guide in the way of life. In the 105th verse we read, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." That is, this word is a lamp unto my feet and lights up the way of life a step at a time.

Dr. Alexander of Princeton once described a little glowworm which took a step so small that it could hardly be measured, but as it moved across the fields at midnight there was just enough light in its glow to light up a step ahead, and so as it moved forward it moved always in the light.

This Word is also a light unto the path; that is, it throws its light ahead, and while the way at our feet is brightened, here in this book we find light upon troublesome problems affecting our future, and we go forth in faith rejoicing in the lamp and the light.

Here in this book is victory in the hour of trial. In verse 143 we read: "Trouble and anguish have taken hold upon me: yet thy commandments are my delights," and we learn that there is no trial so great, no burden so heavy, no day so long, and no night so dark, but here is

just what we need, and we lay hold upon God's Word and go forward triumphantly.

Here is the secret of a holy life. In verse 151 we read: "Thou art near, O Lord, and all thy commandments are truth." It is as if the Psalmist had been moving along in this great Psalm saying wonderful things about God and His Word, when suddenly he realized that God is near, and he is overwhelmed in His presence, and I have learned that it is always possible to be sure of His nearness when we are loyal to His Word and treat it with proper consideration.

I have never believed in the Bible as I do today, and yet it has always been God's Word to me. It is to me, however, more and more the Word of God, the infallible guide, the authoritative message straight out of God's great heart. Perhaps my conviction is deepened because I have tested God's promises and they have not failed me; or perhaps because I have seen the book work and it has accomplished wonders; or it may be because I have read it with more care, and this book bears the closest scrutiny.

I was one day walking the streets of Shanghai, China, and was saying goodbye to a missionary, when he noticed that I was looking at his white hair, and yet he had not reached middle life. He said, "You are wondering about my hair. I think when you knew me at home my hair was black," and then he said, "My hair turned white during the Boxer Uprising in China. With my wife and

little boy I was imprisoned, and the Boxers came one night and said, 'tomorrow morning you must die,' and we really suffered agony in the thought that we should never see the home land again and never be with our loved ones again. In the night my hair turned white, so great was my suffering, but never for a single moment did God's promises fail me, and His Word was my sure report."

God's Word is like a bow of promise; it touches youth on the one side and old age on the other, and beneath the bow we live and rejoice.

Or it is like great spreading wings, and beneath the shadow of these wings we work together. Or it is a strong foundation and we build upon it and are not afraid. Or it is the atmosphere of Heaven and we breathe it in and life becomes joyous; or it is a special treasure, and as we hide it in our hearts, our purpose to do right is strengthened.

It is for childhood. "The promise is unto you and to your children."

It is for youth. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way by taking heed thereto, according to thy word."

It is for use in the time of sorrow. "Let not your hearts be troubled."

It is for God's trusting children in the time of death. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

This is indeed the Word of God, and if it has its proper place in the home it will exert an influence for time and Eternity.

When we were in China I read a great book entitled, "A Thousand Miles of Miracle." It is the story of a missionary, his wife and his child, fleeing from their compound and setting their faces towards Hankow, China, where friends awaited them and deliverance was possible. And the author of the book writes: "We were taken prisoners, and one night we were told that tomorrow we would all die. We had only our Bibles left to us.

"What I wonder would the rationalism of the destructive critic have done for us as we sat hours facing our murderers and watching them make ready the instruments of a cruel death. I could almost wish that the wise who affect to speculate on the virtue of eternal truth were put for a few hours in such a place of suffering as we were that night. If he were spared to come out of it sane it would be minus his make-beliefs and with a wholesome conviction of his sinful folly stamped upon his heart, and with the conviction that of all men he had been most miserable."

This Word of God should be hidden in the heart because it is the secret of holiness. In John 15:3 we read: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

God's Word is the water, and water cleanses by displacement.

I stood one day in Colorado watching the miners come forth from their work, their faces and hands as black as they could be with the dirt

of the mine upon them, but their eyeballs as clean as when they awoke in the morning, and all because the little tear gland does its work and keeps washing away the imperfections which strike the eye.

So does God's Word work, and by means of its power we are kept unspotted from the world.

God's Word is the hammer and breaks off from our lives that which would mar us, and we are delivered from the power of sin.

God's Word is the fire and it consumes the dross until there is reflected in our lives the likeness of Christ Himself.

God's Word is the sword and it is placed in our hands that we may wield it properly, and with it thrust through and through the sins which would overpower us.

Among the many inventions which have been the product of the great world war, is a bullet-proof armor invented by an American, and which was successfully tried out in the presence of the Governor of New Jersey and the representatives of the militia of the State. Wearing the armor the inventor stood sixty feet away from the sharp-shooter of the military company who used an army rifle of the latest type, which shoots a bullet at a speed of 2,740 feet per second, and with an impact of 2,400 pounds. The officer fired and the bullet struck the armor directly over the physician's heart. It did not even dent the armor,

but left a scar of fine markings like the design of a rising sun and glanced off.

But I know something better than that,—it is the fact that God's Word stands between us and all the fiery darts of the wicked, and nothing can overthrow us when His truth is our shield and buckler.

We should hide God's Word in our hearts, because of its presence in our lives we have learned the secret of success in intercessory prayer. In John 15:7 we read: "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

How striking are the lessons. If we abide in Christ, that is, if He is the place where we live: if His words abide in us, that is, if they absolutely control our thinking and our living, then there is power in prayer. There is a reciprocal indwelling. We are in Him and His words are in us, and thus controlled by divine influence we may ask what we will and it shall be done unto us.

Certain kinds of prayer are possible for everybody. We may pray in the morning and pray at night; we may pray in the time of unexpected temptation, and in the hour of sudden trial, but intercessory prayer is possible only for those who pay the price.

We were in Shrewsbury, England, and our work was not going well, when a message came to me that an American missionary had heard of our difficulties and was coming over to pray for us.

I was told not to provide for his entertainment. Indeed, I was to give him no consideration at all. I was also informed that perhaps he would not attend the meetings, but he would pray. He came to the city and instantly the tide turned in our work, and the victory was remarkable. The missionary who came to pray was known as "Praying Hyde," the American missionary in India whose influence was wonderful.

Just as I was leaving Shrewsbury I sent for him to come and see me and told him that I would like to have him pray for me. He knelt beside me, he was still for several moments, I was tempted to open my eyes, and I saw his face lighted up with the light of heaven, his lips trembling, and his tears starting, and then he said something like this: "My Father, here is a minister who sorely needs Thy help, do bless him, I beseech Thee, may his life be precious in Thy sight. May he be girded anew with strength for service; may Jesus Christ become more real to him," and then he was still again for a little while, and when the closing words of the prayer were said we arose from our knees and I had learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson concerning intercession.

The Word of God presents the true environment in which we should live. In John 15:10 we read: "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love: even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love."

In this verse of Scripture we have the atmosphere of love presented. Love is unselfish.

A missionary in China told me that he was climbing the mountains of China one day when he saw here and there a little yellow flower, and he said to himself, "This flower is not native to China, this is from my own land of Australia," and then he learned that Hudson Taylor had seen the flower and was drawn to it and secured a supply of seeds, and as he walked over the mountains he cast the seeds here and there, and Hudson Taylor was dead, but the flowers were blooming and tossing up their fragrance to all the passers-by. This is indeed the spirit of love.

Love is always compelling. S. H. Hadley, the great Water Street Mission worker, was in my home in the country at Winona Lake, Indiana, when he read in the New York paper of the death of a girl whose body had been placed in the morgue, and evidently had not been claimed, and I saw him walk to the telephone in my house and heard him send a message to New York, in which he said to his representatives: "Go and get the body of this girl, take it to Water Street, buy a good coffin for the poor child, ask the boys to cry over her as if she were their own sister. Read the Bible and sing beside her coffin, bury her with a Christian burial and send me the bill."

And then he turned to me with streaming tears to say, "O, my heart does ache for these poor lost wanderers."

The Bible gives us a picture of the normal Christian experience. In John 15:11 we read: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

There is a distinction to be made between joy and happiness. Happiness is the world's joy; joy is the Christian's word.

Happiness depends upon circumstances and surroundings. Joy is independent of either.

While we were in Australia we came to know quite well one who was known as "The Sunshine Invalid," Miss Higgens. I have a letter from her in which she says: "Pain and weakness are constant, but Jesus is real and precious."

For ten years Miss Higgens has not left her room. First one arm had to be amputated, then the other, then one limb, and finally she lost her voice, but her faith never failed. She is full of the joy of the Lord. Upon the stump of one arm there has been fastened an ingenious contrivance which enables her to hold a pointer of a fountain pen. With the pointer she indicates one letter of the alphabet after the other and so speaks to the people. With the pen she writes often, not without pain, Scripture texts and beautiful letters, and recently she wrote to me, "God has supplied all my needs in such loving ways, and although I am suffering much, I can truly say my blessings are innumerable." That is what is meant by joy.

The Bible gives us victory in the hour of trial. In John 15:20 we read: "Remember the word that I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also."

And then as a compliment to this Scripture in John 16:33, we find these words: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

There are certain foes that will beset us. Temptation will face us, but temptation is not sin. Yielding is sin.

Trial will seek to overthrow us, but He is greater than all the trials that could stand in our pathway and seek to do us harm.

Death may seem to alarm us if the Lord should tarry, but if we are walking in fellowship with Christ, if God's Word is hidden in our hearts, we shall be more than the conquerors through Him who hath loved us.

I know of an old sea captain who used to travel between New Zealand and Australia, and who, when he retired, spent the greater part of his time visiting the poor and the dying in the hospitals.

He told me one day that he went into one of the hospitals, and as he walked down one of the wards he noticed some little flags around one of the beds. It looked as if a child there was

playing with them. He went over to the bed, and found there instead of a child an old white-whiskered man. He said as he approached the bed, "Hullo." The old fellow looked at him hard for a moment and then said, "Hullo captain." The old sea captain said, "Captain! How do you know I am a captain?" "Oh," said the old man, "I sailed with you thirty years ago."

They began to talk of the old days, and after a while the sea captain found that he was an old sailor who had been with him many years ago. They conversed together for some time, then the captain came to the point and asked him about his soul. The dying man pointed to the flags on the bed and said, "Can't you see what the flags are saying?" "No," said the captain, "I have got a bit rusty on flag signalling, but I could read them if I had the book." "Well," said the old man, "I can read them without the book, and I will read them for you." "What do they say?" asked his friend. "They say," replied the old man, "the ship is all ready to sail; she is waiting for orders."

## XIII

## A MODERN HOME

*"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."**

THERE is no greater heritage than that which comes to one in the memory of a home properly ordered according to the teachings of Christ,—a home where the father is true, and realizing his responsibility he leans hard upon God for support and walks in close fellowship with Christ in order that he may know what He would have him do.

A home where the mother is a saint. James Whitcomb Riley's poem fitly represents many a boy's thought of his mother.

"My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good, no sir,
Can't any boy be good as her."

A home where love abides; where the atmosphere is heavenly and where everything reminds one of Heaven. A home where memory treasures up the beautiful things in one's past life.

I remember in one of the services which I was

*Psalm 27-10.

conducting in a New England city my subject was "An Old-fashioned Home." I had pictured as best I could the father and the mother who made such a home possible, and had said that every boy and girl was to be envied who had the memory of such a home as that which I had pictured. At the close of the service a man came up to speak to me. The lines of his face were drawn and I could see that he was laboring under great emotion. Finally he said, "All that you said this evening was very beautiful, and the man is indeed to be envied who has a memory of such a home as that which you have described, but sir, what have you to say to the man who has no such a memory, who never heard his father pray, whose mother never kissed him in his childhood, who has not the slightest recollection of a Christian influence ever being brought to bear upon his life?" And as he put these questions to me I determined that I would secure a message which had to do with the modern home where Christian influences were lacking.

The children of such a home are indeed to be pitied. One of the best ways to appreciate the poverty of such a home is to put in contrast pictures of homes good and true.

Over in England long years ago there lived a woman. She was fairly well acquainted with books in general, but she knew her Bible best of all. Three times each day she drew her children to her knees and talked with them about Christ and

breathed a prayer to God in their behalf. She had one night which she called "Charles' night," another was "John's night," and so on through all the children.

When she was dying she spoke to her children of Christ who was her hope, and left to them a memory which was indescribably beautiful. She was the mother of the Wesleys, and it is better to have filled such a position rather than to have been like the mother who, when her boy had told her that he had stood up in the meetings to confess Christ, laughed at him and said, "I wonder if you really knew what you were doing?"

Down in Kentucky years ago there lived a sweet-tempered, Christian woman. There were many things she did not know, but she did know her Bible, and she used to tell her little boy Bible stories as she sat before the firelight in her log cabin. She did not know cards, but she loved nature, and she used to tell her boy of the glory of God in the world.

She did not understand philosophy, but she told her boy that the meanest thing in all the world was to be a hypocrite, while the noblest thing in the world was to be a good and true man.

Her boy was Abraham Lincoln and he has said: "All the good there is in my life came to me from my mother." And it is better to have been such a mother rather than to be one who permitted cards in her home and allowed her boy to drink wine from her own sideboard.

Put the best stories you know of a mother's love over against the picture of the boy who sat not long ago in a New York court convicted of a crime, and when the judge asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he rose tremblingly, and with white, set face, looked towards the judge upon the bench and after a moment sobbed out, "O, your honor, if I had only had a mother it would all have been different, for I have never known a mother's love. I have been kicked about the streets since infancy, no one has ever cared for me, no one has ever taught me to pray, and I have never really known what it is to read the Bible. If I had had a mother I would not be standing here."

A modern home is one in which the heads of the household do not realize the treasure which is possessed in their children.

A number of years ago an Arkansas farmer bought two hundred and forty-three acres of land on the Little Missouri River two and one-half miles from Murfreesboro, Arkansas, for two hundred dollars. Six months later, while traveling over the ground, he picked up a small crystal which aroused his curiosity. After it had gone through the hands of a number of experts it was pronounced a genuine diamond. Mr. Huddlestone sold his two hundred dollar farm for thirty-six thousand dollars. Since he sold his place for thirty-six thousand dollars the people

who bought it have taken out in diamonds more than four times the price paid, and if the statements of the government geologists are to be relied on, a diamond field which may rank favorably with those of the Vaal River in South Africa, has been found. Ten shafts already sunk within an area of one square mile have tapped the diamond bearing peridotite, and as many more diamond drills are working on adjacent properties, while enterprising prospectors are working the shoals on the Little Missouri River and Prairie Creek, with the hope of good returns. Land values have advanced in some cases from one dollar to a thousand dollars an acre. Diamonds have been found in different localities over a strip of country about five miles broad and extending a distance of more than eighty miles. What from present development seems to be the mother location of all the diamonds found in this locality is the center of an extinct volcano, situated between the Little Missouri River and Prairie Creek. At this point huge blocks of peridotite, the diamond-bearing rock, have been forced through the surface of the ground by volcanic action, while in the middle of the crater appears the cone of the extinct volcano, rising out of the surrounding level plain to an elevation of about two hundred feet, making a mound two hundred and forty-three acres in size.

In every home there are hidden treasures of

greater value. One child is worth more in the sight of God than all the diamonds in the world.

A modern home is also one in which parents do not realize the measure of their influence.

Mr. Sunday, in one of his striking sermons on the influence of a mother, is quoted as saying:

"A friend of mine who frequently visited prisons was accosted by an old lady one night at the close of a Chicago service, who said that she understood that he was going to an Eastern prison shortly to address the convicts. She slipped him a little package, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and asked him to give it to her son, with her love. 'Tell him,' she quavered, through tears which trickled down her lined face, 'that his mother is praying for him every hour of the day, and that she loves him still.'

"Two weeks later the gentleman visited the great prison and the young man was called in. He carefully unwrapped the package and a picture of his mother dropped out. He looked at it carefully. 'It is mother, isn't it?' he asked. The gentleman nodded. 'She has wrinkles and lines that weren't there when I left home,' he added slowly. 'Yes,' the gentleman replied, 'and you are probably responsible for them, for she has been eating out her heart with love for you, and this disgrace has nearly killed her.'

"The young man gazed at the picture for several minutes. Carefully he re-wrapped it and handed it to the minister, then turned on his heel.

'Take it back,' he replied, as the attending guard prepared to return him to his cell. The gentleman showed his surprise. 'Take it back,' the boy repeated, 'and tell mother that I feel like cursing her, and I never want to see her face again.'

"The boy had been raised by his mother to regard the dance as a necessary attribute of a youngster and had sent him to a dancing school against his will. He had drifted into fast society, taken to cards, killed a man in a poker dispute, and had been sent up for fifteen years. He blamed his mother who had started him on the downward toboggan."

Perhaps it would be best to teach the lesson which should be learned by contrast. An old-time home is a home in which there is found an old-fashioned father.

A business man in Chicago years ago returned to his home in the evening; his wife met him at the door and told him that their boy was dying. The doctor had been there in the afternoon and had said that there was no hope for his recovery, and she said to her husband, "I think either you or I should tell our boy." After waiting for a few moments the father made his way into the room, and sitting down beside the little boy, whose body was wasted away by disease, he said: "My son, the doctor says that you cannot get well, and that before many days you will go to Heaven." And as he said this the strong man turned away from his child, sobbing as if his heart would break,

when suddenly, his little boy reaching out his hand drew the father's hand away from his face down which the tears were streaming, and said, "Father, don't you cry, it is all right, and if I am soon to see Jesus, the moment I see Him I shall tell Him that ever since I can remember anything about you, you tried to lead me to Him." Such a father is old-fashioned indeed, but he is well worth while.

It is a home in which the mother is Christ-like in every way. She is sweet-voiced, the lovelight of Heaven is in her eyes. The gray hairs smoothed back from her brow suggests a halo of glory. Her dear hands thin and worn through the years suggest everything that is beautiful, and thought of her comes back like the fragrance of sweet roses, and such a mother is old-fashioned, but she is well worth while.

The modern home is the home where there is no family altar. The members of the household are too busy to pray together. There is no reading of the Bible, for the Bible has become a useless book and is not even considered in the ordering of the life of such a home. There is no Saviour, for He has been crowded out by pleasure and by love of the world. The mother is thoughtless and inconsistent, if indeed, she is not wicked.

I was conducting a series of meetings in the Middle West when a mother came to me to ask me if I would pray for her boy. She came the second time with the same request, and then her

minister said: "It is quite useless for you to pray until the mother herself rights a great wrong which she has done her boy," and at the suggestion of the minister, the mother told me that one year before her boy of sixteen had come into her room one evening after the church service and had said, "Mother, I have just about made up my mind to be a Christian, but I thought I would wait until tomorrow and make the decision when you could be with me," and his mother said: "I am sorry, my child, but I have an engagement tomorrow and cannot go with you." The boy learned that the engagement was at a bridge-whist party. He became exceedingly bitter. He never attended the services again. One year had passed and he was increasingly indifferent. At my suggestion the mother wrote him a letter, because he would not speak to her on religious subjects, and in the letter she said:

"I want to bring before you a story of your baby days. Your father insisted that you should sleep alone and I put you in a little bed by the side of my own bed, and you cried yourself to sleep. When I awoke in the morning you were lying with your little face against the bars of the bed, and your arms were stretched out towards me in your sleep. Now the picture is changed and it is your mother with her white face looking towards her boy, and with her arms reaching out after him. O, my son, will you not come to Christ?"

Five years later the minister told me that the boy had never shown a particle of religious interest from that day on, and more than twenty-five years later I saw the same minister and he told me that the boy had broken the heart of his father and his mother, that he was living as a man in the community where he was almost converted as a boy, but his life was everything that was wicked and his influence everything that was bad.

The modern home has in it a father who may be scrupulously honest in business, who does his very best to provide for his children's material comfort, but who has no thought about their moral welfare, and has done nothing to lead them to Christ.

In an Eastern city during our meetings a boy was arrested for a nameless crime. The crime was so horrible that the judge insisted that the trial should be held at once, and within a few days the boy was tried, found guilty, and sentenced for life to prison. While he was standing to receive sentence, his father stepped forward to say something to him. An officer held the father back and the boy was heard shouting: "Curse you, I say curse you, for if you had taught me properly as a boy I would never have been here. If you had warned me against the sin which has wrecked my life I should never have been facing this life sentence. I say, curse you."

I do not know of anything more pitiful in this

world than for a child to be reared in a home where Christ is not honored; where the Bible is not taught; where the family altar is not erected, and where every influence is against the things which go to make up strength of Christian character.

If such a home has been erected, perhaps all unconsciously by the father and the mother, it is not too late to change the household. The children might be called together and their forgiveness might be asked for lack of training and discipline which should have been found in the home.

Preaching in Wales, I said to the people, "If you have children not saved, I would advise you to go home, and even though they are asleep when you reach home, arouse them and tell them about Christ."

When we came to the closing service in the campaign, a big policeman was trying to get me through the crowds into the place of meeting, when a man touched me on the shoulder, and as I turned he beckoned to me, saying, "I want to speak to you a moment, sir," and drawing me off to one side he put in my hands a five shilling piece and said, "This is for you, sir. It is the last bit of money we have in the house," and when I suggested that I ought not to receive it he said, "But you must take it, for my wife and children and I have voted to give it to you." Then he said, "Do you remember saying the other evening

that if our children were not Christian that we should go home and speak to them about Christ? Well, sir, I did exactly that. I awoke my children, called them about the fireside, with tears in my eyes told them of my failure and my sincere sorrow for it, and then I said, 'Let us kneel down together, and as we kneel, will you not my children accept Christ as your Saviour?'—and sir, they all came that very night. And this evening we met around the same fireside and we voted the five shilling piece to you."

I took it from his hand; I have it framed in a little leather case and it is before me as I write, reminding me of a man who had failed in his duty, but who determined to turn squarely about and undo a wrong which he had done.

And if these words should be read by some one who has not a beautiful memory of a father or a mother, then may the Scripture with which we started be a comfort,—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

For it is to the glory and praise of Christ that He provides in our lives for all that is lacking; that He makes up not only for our failure, but for the failure of others, for He is a very present help in every time of trouble and of need.

## XIV

## A CHANGED HOUSEHOLD

*"This day is salvation come to this house."**

WHAT a change must have been wrought in this house.

How different a home is when Christ abides there and salvation flows through it.

No home is ever complete without Christ, and no family circle is ever as God intended it should be without He is numbered as one of the circle, so if you have five in your household,—that is, father and mother and three children, you ought to have six, and the sixth one ought to be Jesus.

This story of Zacchæus, the publican, and his striking conversion, is interesting in the extreme, because it reveals to us the compelling fascination of the character of Jesus, and also makes us understand anew His mighty power to change a life which has been self-centered, and not only indifferent to Him, but of necessity practically antagonistic to all His teaching.

The division of the New Testament into chapters and verses is the work of man, and because it is man's work it is not flawless, sometimes it is almost embarrassing, for not infrequently the di-

*St. Luke 19:9.

vision into chapters comes in the middle of a story, and sometimes the division occurs between the introduction and the story, as is the case in this account of Zacchæus and the wonderful change in himself and in his home.

In order that we may appreciate fully the account here given it is necessary to go back to the close of the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke and read the account of the blind man who sat by the highway begging.

He had no thought that he might receive his sight, for he belonged to the almost innumerable company of beggars which lined the highways in the days when Jesus moved among men, and their descendants are found almost in the same position in these modern times.

I had almost to fight my way through a company of beggars as I went into Jericho, and was obliged to step carefully past scores of leprous people when I made my way to the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives.

I once heard Mr. Moody picture the scene in this way. He said he could imagine that one day a friend approached the blind man saying, "Bartimæus, I have good news for you, I have seen the Galilean prophet, and I saw him do a wondrous thing. He faced a man blind like yourself and bidding him put clay and spittle upon his eyes, He told him to go wash in the pool, and I stood and watched him as he bathed his eyes which had been so long sightless, and behold, he came seeing,

and Bartimæus, this same wonder-working man is coming this way and you must listen for His approach, and you must call upon Him as He draws near."

So Bartimæus, with hearing specially sensitive, because his eyes had been so long closed, listens intently and at last he hears the sound of a crowd approaching. By intuition he feels that this must be the company following Jesus, and as the Saviour draws near he begins to cry out unto Him for help, and Jesus always compassionate and merciful, stops to speak to him, and behold, under the mighty power of the Son of God, the scales fall from the blind man's eyes and he can see clearly.

This is but one of the many wondrous miracles worked by Jesus as He moved through the country.

Tissot, the artist, has represented the Master moving from one city to another with multitudes on every side of Him, moving ahead of Him and following after Him, but the remarkable thing about the picture is that while all ahead of Jesus are in need and are apparently suffering, all back of Him are leaping and praising God, for He has healed them of all manner of diseases.

This same Saviour is still moving in the midst of the people; His power is still the same, and we have but to come in touch with Him by faith to receive at His hands the blessings we so sorely need.

The striking thing to me about Jesus is, that all classes of people were interested in Him. The rich and the poor alike wanted to come in touch with Him; in the city of Jericho there was a tax gatherer; he was a rich man because he was the tax gatherer and had defrauded the people. His name was Zacchæus. He, too, had heard of the near approach of Jesus, and with idle curiosity started forth to see Him. He is a man small of stature, and the people crowding on every side of him make it quite impossible for him to see, and he is just turning back to his home and his money-making, when suddenly it occurs to him that if he were to climb some special elevation he might see this wonderful man called Jesus of Nazareth. And so he makes his way out through the crowd, climbs the famous sycamore tree, and straining his eyes to see, he awaits the approach of the multitude.

He sees Peter, and he wonders who this striking man may be. Can this be Jesus?

He catches a glimpse of John, and there is something so fascinating about this disciple of love that he is half inclined to think that perhaps he is gazing upon Jesus of Nazareth.

At last he sees Him face to face and knows that he is looking upon the greatest character his eyes have ever beheld. A strange fascination holds him. He cannot turn his eyes to left or right, and suddenly Jesus stands just beneath the tree, and looking up into his face says quietly,

"Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide in thy house." "And he made haste and came down and received him joyfully." When he stood in the presence of Jesus he began to confess his wrongdoing. He was willing to restore fourfold to all whom he had defrauded, and when his confession is made, the Saviour speaks saying: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and as Zacchæus and Jesus start away from the sycamore tree, Jesus said unto him, "This day is salvation come to this house." And when they crossed the threshold of Zacchæus' home the children of Zacchæus had a new father, and the wife of Zacchæus a new husband, and the people of Jericho a new tax gatherer, and the Saviour of the world a new trophy of His matchless power.

Here in this story are two men who came down, one from his pride, from his curiosity, from his sin, from the sycamore tree, down at the feet of Jesus, and he is a seeking sinner.

The other down from the immediate presence of the Father, down from the company of the heavenly hosts who constantly praised Him, down into a world of sin, down to the shadow of the cross, and on His way He stops beneath the sycamore tree a seeking Saviour, and when a seeking sinner and a seeking Saviour meet, the result is salvation.

The reason why so many are unsaved in this world is this,—they have not sought for Him in

the right way, for He is ever seeking and we have but to turn unto Him and we may live.

He is indeed a great Saviour. He is great in His name. He said of Himself,—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

St. Luke's Gospel is known as the "Gospel of Humanity," and it is quite like this evangelist, while not forgetting the divine nature of the Saviour, to emphasize His human nature.

As the Son of man He understands our needs. As the Son of God He is able to save us. As the Son of man He was visible to the physical eye. As the Son of God He is received by faith.

We might be afraid of Him if we saw Him only in His Deity, for God is so great, His power is so limitless, His majesty so overwhelming, but as the Son of man we are instinctively drawn to Him and begin to learn to love Him.

Homer tells us the story of the parting of Hector from his wife and child when he is going forth to battle. He reaches the city gates, and as he must go forth to fight he has his armor on, his helmet covers his head, and from the helmet the plume is waving; he kisses his wife goodbye and turns to take in his arms the little child who has been carried after him by the nurse. The little child saw only the helmet and the waving plume and turned with fright to throw his arms around the nurse's neck crying bitterly. Hector knew the difficulty. He had a father's intuition.

Lifting his hand he removed the helmet from which the plume was waving, and his father's face was perfectly revealed, then stretching forth his arms the little child saw his face. And smiling through his tears, sprang into his father's arms, and Hector kissed him and was gone.

Our Saviour is the Son of God, equal with God in power and in authority, but He is the Son of man too, and as the Son of man He stands before us with helmet and plume laid aside, and we hear Him speak, and see His face, and feel His love, and we stretch forth our hands toward Him and receive Him gladly, and He receives us too.

He was great in His spirit. If He had come to the earth and simply had in some special place established His throne, and had bidden pilgrims seek Him out, it would have been great, but He did not do this.

He came into the world a seeking Saviour, and from His first infant step to His last step in manhood, when He fainted beneath the weight of His cross, He was seeking the lost and He has been doing so ever since.

He seeks by means of a mother's prayers, a father's influence, a sore affliction, a minister's sermon, a verse of Scripture, a strain of sweet music, an awakened memory and an aroused conscience.

Indeed, He is always seeking, and because He is, it is so easy to be saved, that is, if we accept His way.

He was great in His mission. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. The word "lost" is in itself thrilling.

A lost ship with the waves beating it, the crew leaving it, and the darkness enveloping it.

A lost child crying bitterly and unable to find its way home.

A lost man with chart and compass gone, character weakened, will impaired, and all ahead of him hopelessness and despair.

A lost woman: could anything be more pitiful? With everything gone which makes life worth living, could anything arouse more sympathy?

And it is because men are lost that He is a seeking Saviour. They are lost to holiness, that is,—wholeness: in other words, completeness of life or strength of character.

They are lost to happiness, for in turning away from Christ they have missed the foundation upon which they should have built; they have blinded their eyes to the star which would have led them to safe harbor; they have stopped their ears to the voice which had they heeded would have filled them with peace.

They are lost to Heaven; there is no way into Heaven except that which has been marked out by the good hand of our God.

Jesus never spoke a truer word than when He said, "I am the way," or again when He said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Major D. W. Whittle once speaking in my

church in Philadelphia told a story of the Civil War, when President Lincoln had issued an order that no Northern soldier should go home on furlough for a certain prescribed time, and during this time a soldier stationed not far from Washington received word that his wife was dying. He secured permission to make a plea for absence to the President himself that he might stand beside his wife as she passed away. The officer on duty would not permit him to even approach President Lincoln. With his aching heart he was walking across the White House grounds, when a little boy noticing his tears, stopped him saying, "Mr. soldier, what's the matter?" The soldier stopped to say that his wife was dying, that he had tried to see President Lincoln and they would not allow him to enter the President's presence, when the boy said with a smile, "Let me take you in." The soldier in astonishment forgot his grief for a moment and said, "How could you take me in when I as a soldier could not pass the officer; how could you take me in? You are only a boy." The child replied, "But I am the President's boy." And he led him back to the White House up to the door of the President's room, where he too was stopped, but he was not disturbed. He waited until the door opened, and catching sight of his father's face, he said, "Father, let me come in for a moment," and President Lincoln bade him enter, and with his new-found soldier friend he stood beside his father, Abraham Lincoln, and

when the soldier told the story of the approaching death of his wife, and his desire to go home but for a day, President Lincoln signed the order which sent him home.

How true this is to the work of Christ. He is the Son of God, but He is the Son of man as well, and as such He is seeking the lost, and He is saying: "Trust Me, accept Me, follow Me, for I am the Son of God and I will take you in," and one day we shall stand in God's presence, not so much because of what we are or what we have done, but because of what He has done for us.

He is great also in His message.

This man Zacchæus, the changed father, the man who brought so great a blessing to his household, in his acceptance of the Saviour, teaches us many a lesson.

He made haste and came down when Jesus called him. The mistake which many make is this: they tarry too long, and while they are growing weaker, sin is growing stronger.

I was preaching one night in Michigan when three gentlemen entered the service (one of them became the Governor of the State later on), and I was saying in this service, "Why not take Him now? If you have been rejecting Him again and again, take Him now," and the Governor-to-be with the others said, "I will." Later in a great meeting he gave his testimony.

"I had always expected to be a Christian, but as a young man I put it off. I entered the Civil

War and I thought that when the war was over I would settle it. I was taken a prisoner, and I said, when I am out of prison I will settle it. The war ended and I said, when I am rich I will settle it, and I had been putting it off from year to year, and all the time I was growing weaker, when suddenly I heard the minister say, 'If you have been rejecting Christ, take Him now,' and I decided to take Him, and I stand here to say that if you would have the easiest time to be a Christian, the safest time, God's time, take Him now."

Zacchæus came down from his curiosity and speculation and everything that would naturally make him afraid to meet Jesus, and he was instantly changed.

So many things hold us back and keep us from accepting the Saviour: sometimes it is the fear that we cannot hold out, or again the fear as to what people may say.

I was preaching in Dallas, Texas, when a man of mature years rose to confess Christ and said, "I have been putting this thing off for years and I confess that I have been a moral coward. I have been afraid of what people would say, and now I do not care what they say, I take my stand for Christ tonight and promise to follow Him faithfully."

I was leaving the city the next day and went to his office to bid him goodbye. I had difficulty in entering, his office was filled with people, they

were crowded out into the hall of the building, his old-time friends, those who were Christians and those who were not, had come to shake his hand and say to him that the step he had taken was a great one and that they would stand by him in it to the end.

Zacchæus was willing to make a wrong right and he will go the full length too. He has defrauded the people and he will restore fourfold.

An unconfessed sin will stand as a barrier in the way of man's salvation.

A wrong that is not made right will make the acceptance of Christ impossible.

It is so easy to be saved if we will take God's way.

What a wonderful change came to this household. What a different father Zacchæus must have been from this day on.

I was holding a meeting in North Carolina and was speaking one night in the lodge room of the Order of Eagles, when one of the lodge men, a humble workman, rose to say, "Men, you all know what I have been. I have accepted Christ as my Saviour; I went to the meeting the other night half drunk and something came over me, I don't exactly know what. I am a new man, I tell you, and when I went home that night my wife sat waiting for me, expecting that I would come home drunk as usual. She saw instantly that I had changed, and I told her that I had become a Christian. She cried for joy and awoke our little

boy. When she told him that his father had become a Christian, the little boy who could scarcely speak plainly, said, 'Daddy, can you pray?' and I said to him, 'My boy, I can try,' and he said, 'Let's hear you try,' and men, I started to pray and broke down, but I can pray better now, and I am going to be a faithful Christian."

Some years ago a Welsh preacher placed in my hand a book containing the printed sermons of the great Welsh preacher Christmas Evans. He was a mighty preacher. I stood beside his tomb in Wales not long ago and was told that he was buried in the same grave with a minister whom he loved, and I was told that they had made this covenant, that they would be buried together so that they might rise together and greet their Lord on the resurrection morning.

Christmas Evans has a great sermon on "The Man in the Tombs," and he thus describes him, crying and cutting himself with stones, until Jesus meets him and sets him free. And the great Welsh preacher pictures him going home. His children see him coming, and in fear they run into the presence of their mother, saying, "Father's coming." They close the doors and bar them, for their father is supposed to be a maniac. But he seems changed today; he is coming quietly up the way, not bounding along as usual, and suddenly they hear him saying as he stands outside the door and speaks the name of his wife and the

mother of his children, "Mary, let me come in, I shall not harm you, I am a changed man, I have seen Jesus and He has set me free. Let me come in, and I will be a good husband to you and a good father to the children."

The door is opened and he rushes in changed by the power of Jesus, and Heaven fills the home, for Heaven always fills a home where Christ abides, and when He is there in all His wonder-working power, home is Heaven.

## XV

## A GREAT PROMISE

*"The house of the righteous shall stand."**

WHAT a gracious promise! How encouraging it is to everyone, especially to the people who may feel that they are receiving the least consideration.

What sort of a house is going to stand?

Not of necessity the house of the rich; although there is no reason why the richest man may not be the saintliest if he has secured his money honestly, and has his faith in Christ, and there is no reason why his house may not stand if it is builded according to God's plan.

Not of necessity the house of the wise; yet it is true that the world's wisest men have ordered their lives according to the teachings of Jesus and have built their lives upon the Bible as the Word of God.

The wise men of the ages have been on the side of the Bible. A good many people talk as though the great minds of the world were arrayed against Christianity and the Bible, and yet great statesmen, inventors, painters, poets, artists, and musicians, have lifted up their heart to God in prayer.

* Proverbs 12-7.

Watt, the inventor of the steam engine: Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, were Christions: Morse, who invented the telegraph, was a Christian, and the first message that ever flashed over the wire was from Deuteronomy—"What hath God wrought."

George Washington was a Christian. Abraham Lincoln was a Christian, and with Bishop Simpson knelt in the White House, praying.

Garfield, McKinley, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan and Woodrow Wilson all stand for Christ.

* "The list is sufficiently comprehensive to remind the unthinking that a belief in the Bible is not incompatible with intellectual and scientific achievements. To hear some people talk it might be assumed that only the simple-minded and the old-fashioned have any confidence in the Word of God; whereas the truth is that the greatest men in all walks of life are, and have been, sincere Christians."

Not of necessity the house of the great; although it is true that the greatest men the world has known have been followers of Christ.

If the house of the rich, the wise, and the great, alone should stand, some would be discouraged; but it is the house of the righteous: this may include all in its sweep, and we are thus encouraged because when we build such a home we build not only for time, but for Eternity.

* W. A. Sunday.

There are some beautiful pictures of such homes in the Bible: for example, that of Abraham sitting at his tent door, when the tent, because of the people who dwelt in it in peace, was more to be desired than a palace without contentment.

When the three angels appear and speak to Abraham concerning Sarah, his wife, it is interesting to realize that they knew his wife's name; and it is true that God knows all about the house of the righteous, where it is builded, and how; He also knows the names of the members of the family circle.

He understands the needs of all, and loves to meet these needs.

There was the home of Rebekah where the servant of Abraham was feasted, and where they said to her, "Wilt thou go with this man?" from which she went forth seated upon a camel, traveled in royal state over hills and plains until she met Isaac; and they together built a home, influenced no doubt by her father and by the father of Isaac.

There was the home of the Shunammite where Elisha was a welcome visitor and where in the time of trouble they felt free to call upon him for assistance; when the boy whom they loved was dead, they sent for him to come and give them comfort.

As a matter of fact, most of the homes of Israel were ideal.

When the children of Israel passed over the Jordan into Canaan they erected a pillar of

stones, and it was said that when in future days the children would say, "What mean ye by these stones?" then the story of Israel's triumphs would be told; for it was the custom of every Israelitish father to rehearse to his children the stories of Israel's experience. This was another reason why the homes described in the Old Testament were so beautiful.

We find the same beautiful pictures in the New Testament.

One home alone needs to be mentioned, that of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, the place where the precious ointment was poured out, the fragrance which we detect today, but, best of all, the place where the fragrance of love was ever apparent and where Jesus was a welcome guest.

So many things are built in the structure of such homes; faith in God; loyalty to Jesus; love for God as well as for those who are round about us; gentleness in all our dealings with those less fortunate than ourselves; grace, which makes the life beautiful and the atmosphere of the home like Heaven; sympathy, which means the placing of one's self in the position of others and sorrowing with them as if their burdens were our own; kindness, which means being considerate of others and seeking to make others happy.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke well describes such homes when he writes:

"I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page,

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Yes, that is true and something more,
You'll find where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls,
Can never make a home.

But every home where love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home sweet home,
For there the soul can rest."

Why does the house of the righteous stand? Because it is properly builded according to the Word of God. Its foundation is the Word of God; one has only to study the Scriptures to know that God not only set the solitary in families, but that His teaching regarding the home runs all through the Bible.

In such homes fathers must be priests, that is to say, the spiritual leaders of the household, head and foremost in all that has to do with the spiritual development of the household.

In the State of Ohio lived a man who with his wife and children, made his home upon a farm small in size, but large in its mortgage indebtedness.

When the aged father died there was little or nothing left for his wife and children except the memory that this man had walked before them as the representative of God in his home.

He began each day with prayer and, with his household gathered around him, he closed the day in the same fashion.

It is not surprising to know that he has given to the world two sons and one daughter whose names stand for righteousness wherever language is spoken.

Such a home is great because it is held by the promises of God; for is it not written, "the promise is unto you and to your children"?

Years ago Robert Moffat, who became the celebrated missionary, was walking while a lad on one of the highways of Scotland. He was going forth into the busy world to begin life in earnest, and as his mother, who had been walking with him, turned to say goodbye, she said, "Robert, you must promise me one thing." He was unwilling to do this until he knew for what the promise was to be made. At last his mother said, "Robert, trust me and give me your word that you will do what I ask." "Very well, mother," he said, "I will." And she said, "You are going into a wicked world to live, and you will be far away from your home and your mother. Promise me that you will begin every day with God and close the day in the same way." He said, "Mother, I will promise." She kissed her son, and he says that her kiss, back of which was her beautiful life, influenced him throughout his entire life and helped to make him a missionary.

Here are the pictures of two homes:

One is a so-called up-to-date home. It is located on the best avenue in the city. It stands for a high degree of social culture. The head of the household is called a Christian; but he is too busy in commercial life to pay much attention to the church or to his home obligations; he has little or nothing to say to his children about Christ. The mother has her name upon the church books as a member; but she is a leader in all important social functions. Somehow in such an atmosphere one cannot say very much about God and His love to the children, and they grow up without thinking of the church, without realizing Christ's power, and without an acquaintance with the Bible. Many a sad story in American history is written because of such homes as this which I have described, and from such homes boys and girls are sent forth poorly prepared to meet life's struggles.

The other home is in the country. The father is a hard-working farmer; the mother does her own work with the assistance of her two daughters. One night when the son of the household is away, the daughters say, "Mother, we think Ed should go to college. We will make any sacrifice to make this possible. We will get along without any additional help in the house and give the money thus saved to help our brother." The father hearing their conversation, exclaims, "I will do the same thing. I too will make sacrifices. Our son must have an education."

The boy is soon away at school. He goes conscientiously through his work, and when he comes to the graduation day he has taken the honors of his class. The professors with their queer caps and gowns are on the platform, and this farmer boy stands in the midst of them to deliver his oration, while up in the gallery an old father, an aged mother and two sisters, poorly clad, their faces shining, are leaning forward to catch every word he speaks. When the final honors are bestowed, and the medal is given to their boy, he takes it in his hands, walks down from the platform, through the crowd, up into the gallery and, kneeling down beside his mother, puts the ribbon which runs through the medal around her neck, and says to her, "This is yours, it belongs to you; I should never have had it but for you." The father with tears running down his cheeks, turns to his wife to say, "What a great investment we have made and, oh, how happy we are." This boy has gone forth to fill an honorable position in the world. Such a home as this is easily possible. If the house of the righteous is to stand, it must be ordered according to God's plan. The children must be well trained, but the parents must have a teacher for themselves if they are not to fail, and the only teacher is Christ. We cannot begin with the children too soon.

One of my friends went home from an evangelistic service and said to his wife, "I think we ought

to take a stand for our children and claim them for Christ," and a card like this was prepared:

FAMILY COVENANT CARD

We do this day

AFFIRM Our faith in Jesus Christ as our Saviour and resolve by the aid of the Holy Spirit to

OBEY Him as Lord and Master and with God's help to

CONFESS Him before men.

The names of the father, the mother, and the children who were at home, and were old enough to sign were put on this card. The servants of the house were asked to sign it, and when the household slept that night, this covenant bound them all together. What a great thing it would be if homes everywhere should thus be held for Him.

The house of the righteous stands for two reasons; on the heavenward side God cares for it and the angels keep watch over it; on the earthly side the parents are true. In a home like this the father is a Christian, his life is consistent, and his prayer life is as it should be. His children call him a saint, for such he is.

What a sad thing it is to be a father, with all the God-given privileges of fatherhood, and make life a failure: to have the Bible, and neglect it: to

have a Saviour presented, and either to be indifferent to Him or reject Him: to have God's love offered, and resist it: to have little children, and fail to train them for Eternity as well as time. The following sad story of failure, which wrecked a home and broke a mother's heart, is a warning from the life of such a father.

"He was a young man of good impulses, and had established a splendid reputation as a physician, but in an evil moment began to take whiskey in small quantities, and finally became a confirmed drunkard.

"He returned home on a beautiful Sunday morning early in October in a crazed condition, suffering with delirium tremens. His two oldest children, a little boy of about nine years and a little girl of seven, had gone out to the forest to pick up hickory nuts. The little boy carried on his arm a basket and in his hand an old-fashioned shoe hammer with which to crack the nuts.

"When the doctor reached home that morning he began to assault his wife, and when her screams reached the ears of the little ones they rushed towards the house. Just as they got inside the yard the mother made her escape, and the little boy ran up to his father and asked him why he had been treating his mamma so badly. The father, who had been transformed into a demon by strong drink, snatched the shoe hammer out of the little fellow's hand and crushed his skull, killing the child instantly. Notwithstanding the plead-

ings of the little sister the father beat her brains out with the hammer and left her lifeless on the ground. He then went into the house where his infant child was lying asleep in the cradle and took the little one up by the heels with his left hand and beat its head into a jelly. He is now in the State penitentiary serving a life term, and his heartbroken wife is compelled to work in the most menial way."

This is not the sin of every father; far from it, but sin is sin, and all sin is alike at its tap root, and the wages of sin is death. No truer words than these could be quoted. * "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The mother in a true home must be a Christian. Not long ago the following appeared in the columns of *The Continent*:

"She was a mother of southern birth, and the home on the northern border of the southland was a stone cottage—vine covered, not one of our modern gray stone cottages of attractive architecture and carefully penciled walls, but a long, low stone house, whitewashed many times during a summer season and its numerous imperfections covered by the kindly clinging jessamine, clematis and passion vines. Parlor and living-room and bedrooms were on the same floor.

"In this modest dwelling there grew to Christian manhood and womanhood four sons and one

*Galatians 6:7.

daughter. Upon them the many temptations of the world have set lightly—so lightly as to lead one to ask, What was the secret of the now sainted mother's life with her children? And the children gave this answer: The powerful influence of prayer as sought by this mother in a tiny guest room with but one window opening into an old-fashioned garden. The shutters of this window were kept bowed during the summer amid a dense tangle of the snowdrop and rose-without-a-thorn.

"In the quiet of this little room, with its bare walls, this Christian mother kept faithfully the baptismal vow with her children and 'prayed with and for them.' Here differences between the children were adjusted. Here sacred confidences between mother and child were entered into. In confessions of joy or of sorrow this room was the trysting place.

"These sacred walls have given place to a modern house, and the children have silvered hair —yet they look almost with reverence upon the furniture of that room of prayer. The high mahogany bureau with glass knobs and a tall swinging glass, in which were mirrored the tear-stained, penitent faces of childhood, still sounds a call to prayer. Where is found the perfume of the rose-without-a-thorn,—there is the atmosphere of prayer.

"In this generation of changes, few, too few, grow to manhood in the home of their birth. I do not mean to discourage the mother of today

who is continually making new homes, for the God of prayer will answer. But where it is possible have one place made sacred by prayer with your children. The young man and the young woman home from college will open their hearts to you in the room where they first lisped their confessions and little confidences with more freedom than in other surroundings.

"'There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend'

—not in the usual closet of prayer, but in a 'calm and sure retreat,' where they first knew their mother and their God.

"'There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.'"

Some years ago in Canada a gentleman came to tell me the sad story of his friend. He said:

"James was in his young manhood a fine specimen of mental and physical health; a Scotchman by birth, and educated at one of the leading English Universities. Was a fine draughtsman, and by occupation a machinist and mechanical engineer, emigrated to Canada, and built and used a machine shop in the city where I lived and was acquainted with his family at the time of the occurrence I am now about to relate. He had a family of four daughters and two sons; his wife

was a very useful member of the church in that place, as was also his widowed mother who resided with the family. James was very fond of his family and his mother, and was always kind to them even when he was under the influence of liquor: at least, I never heard the slightest hint to the contrary, and they lived very near us, and the children were schoolmates and playmates of mine. The drink habit got control of him so that he went on periodical sprees, and then his business would be neglected, but as he was so universally liked, his customers held on to him much longer than would otherwise have been the case. While under the influence of drink one day he came to our house, and said that he had called for the purpose of having my father write out a temperance pledge which he would sign; I remember that was done; then he was urged to give his heart to God, and from Almighty Power get strength to overcome his foe, but to the best of my knowledge he never made a profession of Christianity. He broke his pledge, and signed it again and again, but each time he broke it. Finally his old mother lay on her deathbed, and said to her daughter, 'Send James in to see me, and perhaps a pledge given to his dying mother may be effectual.' He came to his mother's side, and she urged him as her dying request that he pledge himself to give up drink, and to promise to meet her in Heaven. James said to his mother, 'Mother, you know that I love you, and would willingly

do anything for you that is in my power; but this is something over which I have no control. I've signed the pledge again and again, and have failed to keep it, and it's no use. I simply can't keep it.' The old lady said to him, 'My boy, I'd like you to do it again as my last request, and perhaps the thought that the promise was given as your dying mother's last desire may be the means of your keeping it. Now please repeat these words after me: "I promise that I will never again take a drop of intoxicating liquor as a beverage unless I receive it from my own mother's hand!" ' He gave the promise and she died happy in the thought that this time he would keep the pledge. Within a few hours after her death he stole quietly out of the house, went down town, entered a bar-room and bought a bottle of brandy, which he put in his pocket untasted and took home; then he secured a glass, and going into the room where his mother's corpse was lying, he poured out a glass of brandy, placed it in the cold hand of his mother, and raising it to his lips, drank it! At the time of the funeral he was intoxicated, and afterwards died of delirium tremens."

God not infrequently calls us by the power of a mother's love, and with many this call is irresistible. It is sad indeed, that in spite of a mother's love and a father's teaching, many go astray.

## XVI

## A BROKEN FAMILY CIRCLE

*"And these are the names of the children of Israel."**

*"And I heard the number of them which were sealed."*†

USING these two verses of Scripture which refer to the same ancient people chosen of God, in order that He might through them show forth His glory, His patience and His love, I find the story of a broken family circle, for in one of these texts twelve names are mentioned as the children of Israel, and in the other Scripture referring to the same people, I find only eleven names, and one of them found in the former text is not to be found in connection with the latter verse of Scripture.

Between these two texts is a long stretch of years, and the story of these years gives an almost countless number of victories and a great number of defeats. Sorrow and joy are closely intertwined, and altogether we have before us a wonderful account of God and His people, a thrilling story of their many struggles and their final deliverance.

* Genesis 46 : 8. † Revelation 7 : 4.

As in our study we give the mind full play, and allow the imagination to be unrestrained, we find ourselves saying, "Was there ever written such a history of a great people? Has the world ever known anything quite so interesting and quite so great as the account of the trials and triumphs of this chosen people of old?"

Introducing the first text is the picture of an aged man. Through sunshine and storm he has come to the victorious end of a great life. By the way of deception practised upon his father, and the deceit of which his brother was the object, also by the way of his passionate devotion to Rachel, until he claimed her as his own, and by the way of the struggle at Jabbok's Ford, we find him reaching the place where he is a changed and chastened man, and limping out of weakness into power, he comes forth from the shadows into glorious light. His closing days are days of peace and the end of his journey is exceedingly beautiful. He has called about him his sons and is giving them special counsel, and also is bestowing upon them his blessing. The names of his sons are given, and it is here that we have the first Scripture to which reference is made above.

Leading up to the second Scripture we have the account of one who is more remarkable than the man whose story has just been referred to. He stands before us on the Island of Patmos, and we catch St. John's vision of him as he says

concerning him: * "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters."

From this picture of the risen Lord, giving His revelation to His imprisoned disciple, there follows in quick succession the wonderful statements of the early chapters of the Revelation. First we have the message delivered to the churches, and these churches taken together give us church history from the first days of the church to the present time. Then we have the picture of the church exalted, caught up to be with her Lord, and we behold the four and twenty elders standing in the presence of Him who was the lamb as it had been slain.

And in the fifth chapter of the Revelation and the ninth and tenth verses we read: "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."

Then the seals were opened and history is fast reaching its climax. This is a prophetic vision which is given to us in this last book of the New Testament, and it centers entirely in Christ, but

* Revelation 1:14-15.

in connection with the completed work there is given a representation of the children of Israel mentioned in Genesis whose story runs through the Old Testament, and now they are coming home, and again the names are called.

In Genesis we read the following names, twelve in number: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulun, Benjamin, Dan, Naphtalia, Gad, Asher, and Joseph, but in the Revelation one of these names is missing, and while it is true that more than eleven names will be found in the Revelation, it must be remembered that there are but eleven of Jacob's sons.

Taken altogether, the story from Genesis to Revelation is the account of a family, and it is a great family. Being the story of a family it has to do with the home. Jacob and Rachel founded it. True love united them in the holiest of bonds and they started out together to live a life which was remarkable for more reasons than one.

There is great power for good or evil in a home. In the United States we have the story of the infamous Jukes family. It is said that 540 of the members of this family have been traced; 82 were illegitimate, 148 were paupers, 49 were sent to prison for life, 103 were disreputable; the rest of the 540 were a menace to society and a cost to the State. One of the families number 38 descendants. Of this 38, four were drunkards, 11 totally disreputable, 16 imprisoned for life, and

the rest of the 38 just about as bad as sin could make them.

There is in contrast with this the story of another family which has been closely interwoven with American life. It started with a young man who walked 150 miles to seek his fortune in the city. He spent his first Sunday in the church, and when the offering was received he had but two dollars, and one of these dollars he placed on the offering plate, and as he bowed his head in prayer, he dedicated himself to God, promising always to live for Him. He became the head of a great household. In the family following him were six presidents of colleges, one governor of a State, judges and counsellors, and while in the Jukes family there was not one Christian, in the other family to which I refer there has not been known one who was not a Christian.

In this story of the home life of Israel there were very many lights and shadows, the story of much sorrow and the account of many deaths. There are lights and shadows in every home; this must be so. The lights generally radiate from the mother. There are so many mothers like the one whose little child was in the great fire in the school building in Ohio. The children attempting to escape had packed the doorway full and they were so wedged in together that it was impossible for the strongest policeman to pull them out, although it was tried again and again, and this mother came and found her little girl in

the midst of them. She did her best to draw her forth and failed, and with the flames getting nearer and nearer she stood as close to her child as she could, patting the child's little face, brushing back the hair from her brow, telling her how she loved her and praying for her, until at last the flames came too near, a policeman came forward to draw her back and found that the mother's arm was burning, she was so absorbed in her devotion to her child that she did not know it.

Not infrequently the shadows are caused by fathers, and although of course it is to be remembered that there are countless hosts of fathers who have all a mother's tenderness, a father's strength, and also a mother's devotion to a high ideal, yet some fathers, unmindful of their God-given tasks, are like the man who stood on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad holding his two little boys by the hand. He was mad with drink. He stood at the curve of the road just where the engineer of the oncoming train could not see him, and he waited until round the curve came the mountain express. The engineer could not stop his train; his train struck the three standing on the track; the father was killed instantly; one boy died with him; the other boy was thrown from the track and lived for a few moments. Many a father, unmindful of Christ, living a life of sin, or perhaps only a thoughtless life, is consciously or unconsciously holding his boys in the way of

destruction, and because of this the shadows deepen in the home.

So when we see the children of Israel on their journey home we see the lights and shadows falling; so it is with us all, but at last the shadows give way to the lights, and the end is beautiful. Some day we shall have in our homes the last heartache, the last tear shall start from our eyes, the last funeral will take place, the last farewell will be spoken; then the shadows will be gone forever.

Into the harbor of Heaven we'll glide,
Home at last, home at last,
Softly we'll drift o'er the bright silver tide,
For we are home at last.

Glory to God all our trials are o'er,
We'll stand then secure on that beautiful shore;
Glory to God we shall shout ever more,
Home at last, home at last.

This was also a family with an eventful history. The histories of some families seem so uneventful. The world knows so little about them; the public has so little interest in them, but this family story running from Genesis to Revelation is remarkable. I see them in the land of Egypt in bondage, the hot sun of the East striking them down, the lash of the taskmaster's whip making them shriek out in agony. Then I see them starting forth from the land of bondage with their faces set towards

the land of Canaan, and they become an invincible company. The pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire lead them on. Moses is God's specially chosen instrument to go beside them and point out the way. The sea cannot stop them, the pursuing Egyptians cannot overtake them, and in the presence of God Moses dies, Joshua is at once the leader in his stead. But all the time through the eventful history God is holding them.

I should think that earthly parents would trust a God like that and that they would see to it that their children were placed in His care. Earthly parents may forget; even a mother may, but God never does.

In Scotland I was told the story of a New York business man who left Scotland as a youth and never went back to the homeland until he was a man of mature years and his black hair was streaked with gray. When he reached Glasgow and started to the hill country, he was eagerly looking forward to seeing his old mother who had bade him farewell so many years ago, and whom he still expected to have welcome him on his return. At last he reaches home, rushing forward he pushed the door open, sprang into the room where she was sitting in her easy-chair, dropped on his knees, buried his face in her hands, and said with sobs,—"Mother, I have come home," but she was too far along in life to recognize him. She had reached the stage of second childhood and she had forgotten him; she was living in

the days when he was a youth, so she pushed him back and said, "You are not my son John. My son John was a bonny black-haired laddie and you are an old man," and they could not persuade her that he was her son, and after the days of visit he came away, she still failing to recognize him, and his heart was almost broken.

This might be true of a mother because of physical infirmities, but it could not be true of God. He never leaves, He never forsakes, He never forgets, and so the children of Israel go safe home with Him, all but one.

It was a family marred by sin. Over and over again we read of their apostasies. They dwelt among the Canaanites and the Amorites, and they did evil in the sight of the Lord. But in spite of their sin God loved them, for that is His nature. Sin left its mark upon them as sin always does. It spreads like leaven until almost the whole was leavened. It still leaves its mark upon society like the trail of the serpent. It permeates the body like a deadly poison. In India there are forty serpents whose sting is deadly, and there is one special serpent which, if it should sting you, you would be dead in a moment. Sin is like this. It is still working in households, blighting and blasting in its power. It stops at nothing. Your daughter is a shining mark against which it hurls its power. Your son is eagerly sought after by the great enemy of our souls. Even a mother is not passed by in his search for victims,

and a countless host of fathers go down to death and despair because of sin's working.

There is a story written in Salvation Army history of a Southern girl who went astray; her distinguished father came to the Salvationists and asked them to find his child. They searched for her everywhere, and at last when he had all but given up hope, they telegraphed him that his daughter had been found. He came to New York expecting to take her home with him, but when he entered the room where she was waiting, having been found the night before his arrival, he saw crouching in one of the corners of the room what they told him was his child. They could not make him believe it was she. He was fairly frantic, and the Salvation Army officer heard him saying, —"That is not my Mina. My Mina had the glint of gold in her hair, the blush of the rose in her cheek, the blue of the sky in her eyes, and that cannot be my child." But it was his child as sin had left her. He went away and came back three months later; she was sitting at the window, the light of the sun about her, the light of Heaven in her soul, and he took her in his arms and covered her face with his kisses and said,—"This is my Mina," for he had found her as Christ had set her free.

This people of Israel was a scattered family, but God in His infinite mercy sought them everywhere, and He will continue to seek them, until

at last the scattered tribes will come home, only there is one missing in Revelation.

It is a sad thing that so many whom God loves, and whom He would save here and now, are so widely scattered. They walk the streets of the cities with God's heart yearning over them and they do not know it. God expects us to tell them about His love and we have proved faithless.

They are out in the wilds of the city,
Out in the storms of sin,
Go seek them and gather them every one,
And fetch Me the children in.

In cellar, in garret, in alley and court,
They weep and they suffer and pine,
And the wolves of the city are prowling near,
Back wolves! for the children are Mine.

Men, be ye pitiful! women, be kind,
Go follow wherever they roam,
Go lay your hands on My Little Ones,
And bring Me the children home!

But some day God will have His own. It would be a sad thing, however, if in spite of God's love, in the face of His mercy, any one should be missing.

It is a question which so many are asking,—"How may we hold our households together?" The answer is easy. The father must be true. When a father is Christ-like, loyal to the church, faithful to Christ and seeks in every way to

impress his household with the fact that he is God's representative before them, that memory will hold when everything else fails, but if a father is inconsistent, worldly, and sinful, God pity his boy or girl.

A student wanted to see the devotions of Bengel, the great commentator. Bengel struck light from every page in the New Testament; he devoted his life and his learning to the advancement of evangelical thought, and he attracted men. This young student, who was preparing for the ministry, thought he would conceal himself in an adjoining room and overhear Bengel's devotions as he retired to rest. The great divine, unaware that there were eyes overlooking him, and that there were ears listening to him, bent over the Word of God hour after hour far into the night, and at last the task was done, and the holy man closed the Scriptures, and instead of what the student expected, a protracted prayer, the old man's eyes closed, and he simply said, "Good night, dear Lord, and my Lord Jesus, my Saviour; it is between us on the old terms." That was faith, the faith of having dealt with the Lord in a definite interview, and that was prayer possible for all.

What if your boy had such a memory of you? What if he associated you with a certain room in the house where he had heard you pray again and again? What if he could think his way back through your life and remember the times

you prayed for him with your arm round about him? It is because so many fathers have failed that so many boys have gone astray.

It is also necessary that the mothers should be right. Let a mother be indifferent, or worldly, and God pity her children.

I once heard the Honorable John G. Wooley say concerning his mother: "In 1874 I saw my mother kneeling in the snow by a saloon door, and I crept out by a side way, stepping softly in the sawdust, ashamed of her. That day's work cost her life, but the saloon did not even pause, and her only child sped downward to the hell of darkness. But the snow-set prayer persisted at God's throne through thirteen awful years, and for her importunity he could but always hear; and when I would, he spoke to me, and speaks, and will speak on and on until some sweet Christmas eve I find my mother's arms again, and leaning on her great heart, celebrate the end of the crusade."

Let every influence in the home be for good. Let kindness prevail and fairness rule and justice hold sway and love preside in every room. Let these things like a chain hold our children, and when temptation comes, and trial overtakes them, and sorrow faces them, and death approaches them, they will not forget.

A thrilling rescue by means of a "human chain" added two names to the list of heroes in the New York Fire Department. Held by the feet of a comrade a fire-fighter swung down five feet from

the cornice at No. 723 Third Avenue, and grasping a semi-conscious lad who was hanging out of a window at No. 725, which was burning, swung him to the roof of No. 723, which was lower than that of the partially destroyed structure.

When the fire started there was a panic in the house, where six families lived. Children swarmed to the fire-escapes, and screaming with fear, managed to get to the street or the yard in the rear. Many of them dropped an entire story, yet were not injured. Even the women took the jump from the first floor, all getting out unhurt.

A fireman, in plain clothes, was strolling along the avenue when his truck came clattering along. His comrades shouted to him and he ran after the apparatus. Reaching the fire he saw a nineteen-year-old boy appear at a top window and fling himself across the sill.

Volumes of smoke enveloped the lad and there were flames in his room. His mother, who thought he had gone out, had escaped. He was apparently so weak from suffocation that he could not even throw himself to the street, as he had presumably intended to do.

As the firemen were putting up ladders, one of their number in a flash conceived a plan. He called to one of his friends. Both men rushed to the roof of No. 723, the stairways in the other house being aflame. One lay flat on the roof. The other caught his legs and let him down gently,

finally sitting on the legs and clutching the edge of the coping.

In the street the great throng for a moment held its breath. Then, as the fireman reached down five feet and caught the young man by the arm, and slowly, tensely, raised him, a tremendous cheer arose. Inch by inch the heroes swung the fainting boy like a pendulum, and then, with a mighty effort that brought a roar from the crowd, the young man was swung around and upward so that he landed on the roof.

I can conceive of a chain, the links of which are made up of kindly deeds, a loving atmosphere, and best of all, the spirit of Jesus Christ, holding children when danger faces them and keeping them quite safe when perils are on every side.

One day there shall be a roll call in Heaven, and just as there were twelve names of the sons of Jacob in Genesis, and we read but eleven in the Revelation, and find that the one missing in the Revelation was Dan, so it would be sad indeed if any name should be missing in the final roll call yonder. Jacob said concerning Dan that he was like a serpent. Idolatry, which was Satan's masterpiece, was introduced into Israel by Dan. It is a generally accepted tradition among the Jewish Rabbis that the Anti-Christ to come will be of the tribe of Dan. His name is missing in the Revelation. I think I can picture a home-coming quite like that of Israel. It is the home-coming of those who have been redeemed by the precious blood of

Christ and kept by His Almighty power, when loved ones separated for years clasp hands once more and look into each other's faces never to be separated again.

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands,
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moan for the music,
Living the Saviour to bless.

Out of the chill and the shadow,
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and famine,
Into the fulness divine.
Out of the sigh and the silence,
Into the deep swelling song;
Out of the exile and bondage,
Into the home-gathered throng.

Fathers and mothers and children all home; what if your name should be missing.

The story is told in the Civil War of a soldier who was dying upon his cot in the hospital and the nurse had just made him comfortable. She knew that he would soon die, but she did not expect him to go at once, and so she went on to minister to other suffering soldiers, and as she reached the other end of the room she heard this

dying soldier saying, "Here, here," and looking back she saw him half rising in his cot. She made her way to his side only to hear him say as he fell back on the pillow,—"They were calling the roll of Heaven and I was answering to my name."

When the names of fathers are called, can you answer? Or mothers, can you answer? Or children, can you answer? It would be sad indeed to have a name missing, and it will be a glad day when a family, every member of which is safe, can go home to God. It will be joy unspeakable, no more sorrow, no more sadness, no more separation.

One of my last experiences in public work with S. H. Hadley, the great leader of the Water Street Mission, founded by Jerry McAuley, was in the State of California. We had had a midnight parade and Mr. Hadley and others with him were present. The parade led to an opera house which was quickly filled, and at the midnight hour Mr. Hadley was to be the speaker. Every seat in the building was taken and the stage was packed to overflowing. Standing just at the edge of the stage was a striking looking man who was eagerly studying Mr. Hadley's face as he sat in the chair by my side. When Mr. Hadley rose to speak this gentleman came forward and took the unoccupied chair. Mr. Hadley made his great appeal. He spoke with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and frequently he stopped to sob, so great was his concern over the lost. He closed his memorable address by asking the audience to

pray with him for a wandering boy. "I met his mother on my way West and she told me that her boy Jimmie was wandering somewhere throughout the world, that he had been gone from home for years, but that she had never ceased to pray for him, and she requested me," said Mr. Hadley, "to join your prayers with mine and hers. O friends," he said, "pray for Jimmie, that his mother may find him." Mr. Hadley started back to his chair. The gentleman rose from the seat which he had taken to allow my friend to be seated, and as Mr. Hadley came near him, he threw his arms around his neck and said, "Mr. Hadley, I am Jimmie, that was my mother of whom you were speaking. I did leave home. I have wandered for years. I have become a successful man, but I will go home. Please send word to my mother that I am coming."

The appeal is made to many a wandering boy to come home to God before it is too late. Perhaps some daughter has wandered away. She ought, while yet it is called today, go home to God. Perhaps some mother is inconsistent. It may be that some father is sinful. They ought to go home to God in order that the family circle may be quite completed, and when the roll is called in Heaven they may answer to their names.

What a beautiful thing life is when it is ordered according to the will of God. What a triumphant experience death is when He is by our side, when we hear Him speaking to us, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

When life has been well lived, then to die is always gain. The Apostle Paul made a great statement when he said, "For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain." So many times this expression is quoted as follows: "For me to live is Christ." If that were the correct statement of what the Apostle said, it would be discouraging, for then we would naturally infer that he is speaking of himself alone, and we could quite easily understand that for him to live might be Christ, while for ourselves it would be almost, if not quite, impossible.

His conversion was so wonderful, coming out from such great darkness into such marvelous light and living so near to the day of Christ upon earth, the Christ life would be comparatively easy; at least there would be a great inspiration to live this life.

What he did really say was: "For to me to live is Christ," and in saying this he is presenting an ideal for every one, and the advantage of a Christian ideal is this: it never mocks us; this is the Apostle's conception of life as all may live it.

Confucius said some great things and really presented to the Chinese people a high standard of living, but he gave them no strength to reach the ideal and they caught a vision of what human nature might be, but having no strength to attain unto it they fell back in despair.

But when a Christian ideal is presented, strength

to reach the ideal is offered at the same time, and the highest Christian life is possible.

Henry Drummond is quoted as referring to St. Paul's expression, "For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain," in this way. Said he: "Suppose the Apostle Paul had said, 'To me to live is pleasure,' then what is death? 'To me to live is myself,' then what is death? 'To me to live is sin,' then what is death?" When he says "To me to live is Christ," then to die is gain.

In connection with our meetings in Bendigo, Australia, we were asked to call upon an old gentleman who was supposed to be dying. He had been a remarkable lay preacher and had been a great spiritual force in Australia.

I have been told that at one time in his early life he had been a failure, but he had been restored by the grace of God, and so grateful was he that he sought in every way possible to make some special return to his Master, and so he always preached with a power and a passion well nigh irresistible.

So on this day when we entered the sick chamber the old man was found lying upon his bed, his eyes closed as if in sleep and his arms folded.

When my associate, Mr. Charles M. Alexander, and myself were announced, the dying man awoke, his face beamed with pleasure that we should have come to see him, and Mr. Alexander approached him first saying, "I wonder if you can sing." "Sing," said the dying man, "God has al-

ways given me a clear strong voice and many a night I have stood upon the street corner and summoned the people to my meeting by the hymns which I have sung." Then said my friend, "Suppose we sing the Glory Song together." Now I have heard the Glory Song around the world under circumstances which were most remarkable. I have seen Mr. Alexander sway the multitudes with this wonderful song, and have felt myself so caught in its mighty power that I have almost at times questioned whether I was in the flesh or out of the flesh, so thrilled was I with the melody. But really I think I never had heard the Glory Song under circumstances so wonderful; at least it never moved me more than when Mr. Alexander with this dying lay-preacher sang,—"O that will be glory for me, glory for me, When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me."

Then I turned to the aged man to tell him how pleased we were to see him, and I said to him, "If you are nearing the end of life's journey, and if you are soon to go home, it is quite well with you, is it not?" And then came one of those thrilling moments which a minister so often has in his life when he is in the presence of triumphant death. The old man lifted himself from the pillow, stretched forth his arms as if he were about to clasp the hands of his Master, and quoted these lines:

"On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See the strange bright scenes expanding,
This is Heaven at last.

Left behind us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirits heaving,
All the hopes of sin deceiving,
This is Heaven at last.

Christ Himself the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight, mild and tender,
Praises to the lamb I'll render,
This is Heaven at last."

He sank back on his pillow, closed his eyes and we thought he had gone, and while he was still resting we slipped out of the room, thanking God for the privilege of seeing a Christian approach death in so triumphant a manner.

A few days after he went Home, and they wrote to tell us that his facing death began with the moment when we were by his bedside.

Life is worth while when it is lived in harmony with the will of God. Death is a coronation when having run well the race that is set before us, we finish our course with joy.

## XVII

## THE END OF THE JOURNEY

*"At evening time it shall be light."**

WHEN we have finished life's journey, when the race is run, when our tasks are all completed, when the last chapter in the book is written, when we have done our best, when we have kept in close touch with Jesus Christ, when our sins—because of our acceptance of Him—have been forgiven, when our faith is triumphant after many testing experiences,—then it is true, as the Scriptures declare, "At evening time it shall be light." This is really a prophetic expression and looks forward to the day when He shall return, and Zechariah, the prophet, thus speaks of that great day. † "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south."

It was a great day when He went away. Rising from the midst of His disciples and ascending up

*Zechariah 14–7. †Zechariah 14–4.

into the presence of His Father, just before He left He was speaking to them concerning the things of the Kingdom and the part which they were to play in the extension of this Kingdom.

* "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

"And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel.

"Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

He is surely coming back again to this earth. When, we do not know, but that He is coming, all Christians believe. The most beautiful thing I know concerning His appearance on that great day is the expression the angels used when they came to comfort His disciples,—"This same Jesus," because the Jesus coming back is the same Jesus that went away, and indeed, the same Jesus that lived and loved and walked among men; we need not look with alarm upon the day, but rather ask God to hasten its approach. It is the same Jesus who loved little children and took them up in His arms and blessed them. It is the same Jesus that helped the distressed, making their burdens easier to bear and sending them on with a song when they had approached Him with only

* Acts 1:9-11.

a sigh. It is the same Jesus that healed the sick and caused the lame to leap as an hart. It is the same Jesus; He has not changed. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and great as was the day when He went away, far greater I think will be the day when He comes back again.

In quoting this Scripture, however, "At evening time it shall be light," I am not making reference to the day of His return to the earth, precious as that thought is, but rather using the expression as a beautiful description of the end of a life well lived.

If I were obliged to choose between a sunrise and a sunset, I know which I would favor. The sunrise is an inspiration. One morning early, by means of the railroad, I went up Pike's Peak. I had been told that the Cripple Creek Mountains were a sight never to be forgotten, but when I gazed upon them I was extremely disappointed. They seemed cold and dull and uninviting, but when we climbed a little higher and I looked again, I found a picture of surpassing loveliness. I saw the same mountains, but since the last vision the sun had risen and one mountain looked like a white-robed priest, and another reminded me of a group of angels, while a third mountain peak seemed like a path of gold reaching straight up into the City of God. The rising of the sun had made all the difference.

But if the sunrise is an inspiration, the sunset is indescribable in its beauty and in its effect, and

the stormier the day, the more beautiful its close if the sun pushes its way through the clouds. I have seen three great sunsets. One of them was on the Pacific Coast at the Golden Gate, when as the sun went down in the West a path of gold seemed to stretch from my feet up and up until I could almost imagine the other end of the way was at the gates of the City of God.

The other sunset was when I was passing through the Suez Canal. We sailed from Port Said in the afternoon, and just as the day was dying, almost the most wonderful experience of my life came to me. We had a combination of sunset and mirage. The water looked like a sea of molten glass. Off to the right it seemed to me I saw ruins of famous cities and old castles. The picture was too great to be described, but it lingers with me as one of the beautiful memories of my life.

The third sunset was when I was crossing the State of North Dakota. The day had been stormy, the clouds had been heavy, when all of a sudden the clouds rolled back and the sun appeared showing its face for a little while before sinking in the West, and the clouds were transfigured, the fields made wonderful, and a perfect illustration of the text was given to me, "At evening time it shall be light."

And just as it is in a day, so is it with one's life. The struggle has been a hard one, and the disappointments have been too many to count;

the trials have been too sharp to describe, but through it all faith has been strong, confidence in God's Word has remained unshaken, His promises have been accepted as true so far as they have been tested, and when one who believes in Christ reaches the end of his life after such an experience, "At evening time it shall be light."

This may be true of the life of any one,—the youth, the man in middle age, or the white-haired saint of God, but it is more especially true of the one who has lived out his allotted time of three score years and ten, and even gone beyond this.

The Bible description of old age is wonderful. For example, read Psalm 92: 12 - 13. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that he planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

Here we have the picture of the palm tree, which is known as the lighthouse of the desert, standing in the midst of burning sands with apparently no means of sustenance, and yet its leaves are green and its life abundant. As we study the palm tree we find that it can live in the desert because it sinks its roots into hidden springs, and in the hidden springs it finds that which can nourish its life when everything else would fail.

Is not this true of the child of God? An aged father who, in spite of trial and disappointment,

comes to the end of his life with a calm and serene expression of countenance and a triumphant faith. He has found the hidden springs, they are in God's Word and in the consciousness of the presence of God's Son. Or the beautiful old mother whose hair is white, whose expression is seraphic, whose eyes have the lovelight of Heaven in them, whose lips keep speaking the precious promises of God,—she has found the hidden springs, and although life has been a struggle for her, each day she has become more beautiful in every way.

In Proverbs 16:31 we read: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

One day on the other side of the world I went to visit a home for aged men and women. Strange as it may seem, not more than six persons in all the company believed in Christ as a personal Saviour. The atmosphere of the place was depressing; it was almost impossible for me to speak. The songs we sang had no note of victory in them, and I put this picture which I saw on the other side of the world over against many another picture which my eyes have looked upon, where Christ has been received, where God's Word has been believed, where His promises have been built upon: in the first picture there is sadness, while in the second picture the hoary head is a crown of glory. If faith is strong and confidence in God's Word is unshaken, then life is worth

while while we live it, and "At evening time it shall be light."

The greatest things in the world are old things, old mountains lifting their heads towards the sky; old rivers singing their songs as they rush to the sea; old seas throwing up their waves as if they too would praise the God who holds the seas in the hollow of His hands; old stars which have been shining for ages and shall continue to shine until their mission is finished and they are no longer needed, but better than all these are old people. Moses, whom God kissed to sleep and whom He buried with His own hands in a grave which no man can find until this day. Abraham who, from the day when he left Ur of the Chaldees to the day he fell asleep and was placed in the Cave of Macpelah, walked with God and was His friend. Jacob who started out as a supplanter and cheat and finished his remarkable career as Israel the Prince. Paul, who began his public life as a persecutor of the church and closed it by saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The ordinary day is very like the picture of a life, as, for example, it begins with a bright sunrise, the sweetest songs of birds, everything to cheer and make glad, everything beautiful, and then the cloud appears and grows larger and covers the sky and hides the sun, and the storm is on, day is almost as dark as night, and then

the clouds roll back, and "At evening time it shall be light."

How like the story of many a man's day of life. It is started well; it seemed as if this life was to be unlike all others, and was to be free from pain and trial. Then disappointments came, and friends failed, and the song was hushed, and the bank closed its doors, and the hard-earned savings were lost. Then death knocked at the door and claimed the one who seemed to be the best of all the family circle; then the home was desolate, then the heart was broken.

This is the ordinary experience of life, and if we have no faith we are utterly miserable, while with faith we may be triumphant in all the midst of discouragements and trials, and "At evening time it shall be light."

This was Job's experience. When he had lost everything he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

This was David's experience. His boy was dead, and he was heartbroken, but he said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

This was John's experience as he stood upon the Isle of Patmos.

* "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet,

"And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned I saw seven golden candlesticks;

*Revelation 1 : 10-12-13-14-15-16-17-18.

"And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of God, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

"His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire;

"And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

"And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last:

"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

This may be your experience if you do not neglect the teaching of God, and if you do not turn from the Son of God.

Perhaps it may be well to find out just why the Scriptures above quoted could be true in an individual life, and I would say that one of the best reasons is this: that God's promises are never failing. For example, read Isaiah 43:2 ("When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through

the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.") Or Hebrews 12:11 ("Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.") A countless host of people have proved these things to be true.

I once had the privilege of introducing General William Booth to a Philadelphia audience. I recall one of the illustrations he used. He was picturing a young man who had lost his position. The scanty supply of money was quite exhausted. He and his family were facing starvation, and as they were sitting about the table not knowing which way to turn, the postman came bringing a letter from a former employer which read like this: "Dear John—I have heard of your suffering and I can soon give you back your old position. To meet your needs in the meantime I enclose a check which you are at liberty to use."

Now a check is a promise to pay, and said General Booth, "I can see this young man as he opens the letter, takes out the check, waves it above his head and begins to dance about the room, his wife saying, 'Poor John, I thought it would come to this and that he would lose his reason.' Then the young man exclaims, 'I will take this check to my friend and ask him to set it to music and we will sing it. Or I will take it and have it framed and hang it upon the wall and we may read it.'" And said General Booth,

"If they did either of these things they might starve to death, and all the time the check was of value." What they needed to do was to cash the check in and use the money to buy provisions.

We sing God's promises, we frame them and we decorate our walls with them, and we are spiritually lean and hungry. When we cash God's promises in life is worth while, and "At evening time it shall be light."

Or it would be true of an individual life because Christ is near. He is everything that the soul could desire. He is everything that the soul lacks. He completes our incompleteness and in our restlessness He gives us rest. If we are in darkness He is the light. If we are burdened He bids us come and find rest. If we are heartbroken He binds up the broken heart. If we are approaching death He stands beside us saying, "I will never leave thee." He is the way, the truth, and the life. Without Him as the way there is nothing but wandering. Without Him as the truth there is nothing but error. Without Him as the life there is nothing but death.

When we come to the end of life's journey, and the mysteries of life are made plain, the burdens which have crushed us are lifted, and we understand why it is why we have suffered so when others have seemed to go free, He shall still be with us, and because He is with us we shall not be afraid.

Family circles are so often broken. A little child takes the short cut to Heaven, and at two

years of age it passes out of life here and enters into life yonder. Or a father and a mother have deprived themselves of the luxuries of life and almost the necessities, that they might educate their son, he has just graduated and he is taken from them. Or a beautiful daughter has just ripened into young womanhood and suddenly she is stricken and gone. Or a young husband is called away from his wife and with her little ones she must, humanly speaking, fight the battles of life alone.

Life seems so hard unless we walk in fellowship with Christ. The mysteries of life seem so incomprehensible without God's Word sustains us, so it is well for us to remember that He who has been with us all the way, and has rolled back the dark clouds again and again, shall be with us until we pass over on the other side, and when we meet our loved ones to go out from them no more forever,—then we shall be glad that we trusted Him, and if the evening time was light, the morning of this new day which is to be without an evening, is indescribably glorious.

When we go home we know not when,
  Nor do we care if only then;
We live again the old has been,
  When we go home, when we go home.
When we go home it must be so,
  From out the shades of long ago;
Will come the friends we lost below,
  When we go home, when we go home.

When we go home think you 'tis true,
That we shall know as once we knew;
You speak with me and I with you,
When we go home, when we go home.
When we go home I hope to see,
A little face look straight at me;
Unchanged from what it used to be,
When we go home, when we go home.

When we go home 'twill be to hear,
A darling voice so low and clear;
Our hearts are thrilled to think it near,
When we go home, when we go home.
When we go home how glad we'll be,
Our Saviour's wondrous face to see;
And praise Him through Eternity,
When we go home, when we go home.

Some day the journey of life will end, and through with time we shall be ushered into Eternity. Then we shall see Him whom having not seen we have loved, and that may be a glorious meeting if we have done well our work here.

One April day Marshal Joffre with others of the representatives of France, reached our shores for the purpose of holding a conference with our own government and the representatives of Great Britain. They made the last few miles of their journey on board the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*. It was an inspiring sight when the Presidential yacht came to her landing. As the

plank was put in place, Rear Admiral Glennon, commandant of the navy yard, and his staff, ranged themselves in line at the foot of the plank. With the plank in place, Secretary Lansing advanced. Simultaneously, a bugler on the deck of the *Mayflower* sounded four flourishes, which echoed musically across the Potomac. Then, as the American representatives advanced up the plank, a concealed band on the *Mayflower* broke into the strains of a lively march.

Half a dozen bars were played which brought the American officials to the spot where Joffre and his compatriots were standing. As the music ceased, Joffre's hand and the hand of the Secretary of State met in a quick firm grasp.

There were a few minutes of amenities then, during which Joffre and Viviani expressed their pleasure and amazement at the reception tendered them, following which the party moved slowly toward the plank to go ashore.

Once more the four flourishes were sounded by the bugler, and then, as Marshal Joffre advanced to the head of the plank, past the ship's company which was drawn up at salute, the concealed band on the *Mayflower* broke into the strains of the Marseillaise.

The effect was electrical. Joffre and his compatriots stopped short and with their hands at their caps, stood while the inspiring notes of the French national air swelled out over the surrounding waters. The great crowd assembled on

shore, all eyes fixed on the distinguished French party, removed their hats, and while a verse of the war song of France was played, ten thousand people stood silent and attentive.

Moving slowly down the plank, Joffre grasped the hand of Commandant Glennon as he put his foot on American soil. Then followed a touching scene. A young Frenchman who had been standing nearby in great agitation during the landing stage, darted at Joffre as the Marshal advanced and throwing himself on one knee, kissed the hand of the hero of the Marne.

I have in mind a day far greater than that; it will be the day which is to have a beginning but no ending; a day which when ushered in, will be without its tears and trials, its disappointments and its death; a day when we shall see Him, the victor of many battles, marked with His sufferings for a lost and ruined world, and if we could I think we should like to fall at His feet and press our lips to His nail-marked hands, but if we cannot do that, I know that He will greet us and we shall go out no more from His presence, who will say, Well done—Well done, Enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord.

END

*Printed in the United States of America* 2

*S. HALL YOUNG*

## Alaska Days with John Muir

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net $1.15

"Do you remember Stickeen, the canine hero of John Muir's famous dog story? Here is a book by the man who owned Stickeen and who was Muir's companion on that adventurous trip among the Alaskan glaciers. This is not only a breezy outdoor book, full of the wild beauties of the Alaskan wilderness; it is also a living portrait of John Muir in the great moments of his career."—*New York Times.*

*S. R. CROCKETT* *Author of "Silver Sand," etc.*

## Hal 'o the Ironsides: A Story of the Days of Cromwell

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

"Crockett's last story. A rip-roaring tale of the days of the great Oliver—days when the dogs of war were let loose in English meadows, and "the gallants of England struck home for the King."—*Examiner.*

*FANNY CROSBY*

## Fanny Crosby's Story of Ninety-Four Years

By S. Trevena Jackson. Illustrated, cloth, net $1.15

"This is, in a way, an autobiography, for it is the story of Fanny Crosby's life as she told it to her friend, who retells it in this charming book. All lovers of the blind hymn writer ought to read this volume. It tells a story of pathos and of cheer. It will strengthen the faith and cheer the heart of every reader."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

*PROF. HUGH BLACK*

## The New World

16mo, cloth, net $1.15.

"Dr. Black is a strong thinker and a clear, forcible writer. Here he analyzes national tendencies toward unrest—social, material, religious. This he does with moderation yet with courage, and always with hopefulness."—*The Outlook.*

*S. M. ZWEMER, D.D., F.R.G.S.* *Author of "Arabia," etc.*

## Childhood in the Moslem World

Illustrated, 8vo, cloth, net $2.00.

"The claims of millions of children living and dying under the blighting influence of Islam are set forth with graphic fidelity. Both in text and illustrations, Dr. Zwemer's new book covers much ground hitherto lying untouched in Mohammedan literature."—*Christian Work.*

*S. R. CROCKETT* *Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.*

## Silver Sand

A Romance of Old Galloway. Cloth, net $1.25.

"In this romance published only a few days after his death, we find Mr. Crockett in his familiar Wigtownshire, writing at his best, and giving us an even finer display of his powers than when he first captured his admirers. 'Silver Sand' is certainly one of the best things he ever did. Some of the characters here portrayed are among the best of his many creations, with an even added depth and tenderness."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

*CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY*

## Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

Mrs. Stanley's new book is a human chronicle of absorbing interest. Humor and pathos of a rare order alternate in its pages, together with some astonishingly good delineation of negro life and character. The *Kansas City Star* says: "If there is to be a Missouri school of literature to rival the famed Indiana institution, Mrs. Stanley has fairly earned the right to a charter membership."

*GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ*

## The Man of the Desert

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

The author of "The Best Man," "Marcia Schuyler," etc., enjoys no mean reputation as a weaver of sweet, wholesome romances, a reputation which "The Man of the Desert" fully maintains. Her latest book tells the love story of a daughter of luxury and a plain man facing his duty and doing his work on the home mission field of the West. Every reader of this charming story will be made to rejoice in the happy triumph over difficulties which gives to these young people the crowning joy of life, the union of kindred souls.

*THURLOW FRASER*

## The Call of The East

A Romance of Far Formosa. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

Here is a jewel in romance—set amid the blossom-laden islands of the Eastern seas. To its making go the record of one white man's heroism and native worth, of another's baseness and treachery; some thrilling incidents of the French invasion of Formosa; a satisfying picture of the great pioneer missionary Mackay, and a love-story as old as Eden, yet as fresh as the dews of the morning.

*J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.* *Author of "The Life of Fuller Purpose," "The Price of Power," etc.*

## The Confidence of Faith

12mo, cloth, net 75c.

A choice body of sermonic material, the general trend and theme of which is the necessity that has arisen in these later days, for a steady, deeply-rooted confidence in things that are eternal. The troublous days through which the world is now passing, has brought perplexity and sorrow to many loving hearts. For all such, as well as for believers everywhere, Mr. Holden's new book breathes a message of solace and enheartenment.

*W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D.D.* *Wycliffe College Toronto, Canada*

## Grace and Power

Some Aspects of the Spiritual Life. Cloth, net $1.00.

"A thoughtful, well written body of devotional writing. The ground covered is that of the possibilities of the Christian life, of the provision made for their realization, and of the protective grace flung around the believer, enabling one to hold fast to his ideals."—*Christian Work.*

*AUGUSTA ALBERTSON*

## Through Gates of Pearl

A Vision of the Heaven Life. Cloth, net $1.15.

"A fountain of fresh spiritual strength. It is a book big with promise, large with the foundation of a great hope; it appeals to the reason as well as to the heart, and it interprets Scripture in a satisfying way accomplished by few books written by lay-writers."—*Book News.*

*J. M. CAMPBELL, D.D.* *Author of "Grow Old Along with Me" "The Heart of the Gospel," etc.*

## Prayer in Its Present-Day Aspects

12mo, cloth, net 75c.

Here is a book written to meet a situation unparalled in history, to restate certain aspects of an eternal truth in the light of the conditions and demands of these perilous times. Prayer as related to the conception of God, the conception of man, bodily healing, spiritual force, natural phenomena and war, are some of the issues dealt with by Dr. Campbell. A timely and valuable treatise on the highest function of the soul.

*JAMES G. K. McCLURE, D.D.*

## Intercessory Prayer

A MIGHTY MEANS OF USEFULNESS

*New Edition.* 12mo, cloth, net 50c.

A new edition of this helpful work of glowing faith which shows the power and potency of prayer, furnishing examples of Christian experience and convictions. "Above all, it is true, practical, useful and inspiring."—*Christian Work.*

*ROBERT W. BOLWELL*

## After College—What?

12mo, cloth, net 75c.

A protest, in the form of autobiographical chapters, against dawdling through college. The author is sprightly and readable,—anything but preachy—but does put some very wholesome and helpful facts in such form as to grip the reader.

*HALFORD E. LUCCOCK*

## Five-Minute Shop-Talks

12mo, cloth, net $1.00.

One of the best things of its kind yet issued. In each of these thirty or more brief addresses, Mr. Luccock employs terse, epigrammatic language and contrives to compress into a five-minute talk the wisdom and counsel of a fifty-minute sermon. Every word is made to tell—to tell something worth hearing and heeding.

*CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON*

## Chapel Talks

A Collection of Sermons to College Students. 12mo, cloth, net $1.00.

Practical discourses on essential subjects delivered in various colleges and universities, including Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Princeton, Yale, and Virginia. No one of these sermons required more than twenty-five minutes to deliver. They are characterized by earnest argument, familiar illustrations and forceful appeal.

*CORTLANDT MYERS, D. D.* *Author of "Real Prayer," "The Real Holy Spirit," etc.*

## The Man Inside

A Study of One's Self. By Minister at Tremont Temple, Boston. 12mo, cloth, net 50c.

A four-fold study of the inner life of a man, in which the popular pastor of Tremont Temple, discusses the forces that make him, lift him, save him, and move him. The book is prepared in bright, interesting fashion, and abundantly furnished with suitable and forceful illustration.

*JOHN T. FARIS* *Popular-Price Editions*

## The "Success Books"

Three Vols. each, formerly $1.25 net. Now each 60c net (postage extra).

**Seeking Success**
**Men Who Made Good**
**Making Good**

*Dr. J. R. Miller* says: "Bright and short and full of illustrations from actual life, they are just the sort that will help young men in the home in school among associates and in business."

## EARLIER WORKS IN DEMAND

*EDWARD A. STEINER* — *Author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant"*

### From Alien to Citizen

The Story of My Life in America. Illustrated, 8vo, net $1.75.

"To pick up any book by Dr. Steiner is always to be assured of a story of fascinating interest; but to have the narrative of his life from the time he left the home country for America, giving the processes and experiences that have made him one of us in very fact, down to the present time, will be hailed with delight by all who know him."—*Record of Christian Work.*

*JOHN HENRY JOWETT*

### My Daily Meditation

12mo, cloth, net $1.35.

"One page for each day of the year. It is scriptural, spiritual, stimulating. One may find much food for mind and heart on the pages prepared by this gifted preacher and man of God."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

*HUGH BLACK, M.A.*

### Friendship

*New Pocket Edition.* 12mo, cloth, gilt top, net $1.15

*Issued in response to the popular demand for a pocket edition of this gift book which has become a classic.*

"Tender and winning, and at the same time vigorous and incisive, shows the fine grain of the man's nature."—*The Outlook.*

*CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE* — *Yale Lectures on Preaching*

### The Romance of Preaching

With Biographical Sketch by H. A. Bridgman, Editor of *The Congregationalist.* With Portrait. 12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

"The intellectual distinction which marked Horne's utterances, together with the rare spiritual insight displayed all combined to make notable the service rendered by Mr. Horne to Yale University."—*Charles R. Brown, D.D.*

*A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A. (Editor)* — *An Entirely New Bible Dictionary*

### Universal Bible Dictionary

Large 8vo, cloth, net $1.50.

"So compact that the student can quickly get what he seeks. It is up-to-date, printed on good paper, clear type, well bound. To Sunday School teachers it is invaluable."—*Methodist Protestant.*

*WAYNE WHIPPLE*

## The Story-Life of the Son of Man

8vo, illustrated, net $2.50.

"A literary mosaic, consisting of quotations from a great number of writers concerning all the events of the Gospels. The sub-title accurately describes its contents. That sub-title is 'Nearly a thousand stories from sacred and secular sources in a continuous and complete chronicle of the earth life of the Saviour.' The book was prepared for the general reader, but will be valuable to minister, teacher and student. There are many full-page engravings from historic paintings and sacred originals, some reproduced for the first time."—*Christian Observer.*

*GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, D.D.*

## Pilgrims of the Lonely Road

12mo, cloth, net $1.50.

"A rare book for its style, its theme and the richness of its insight. Seldom is seen a book of more exquisite grace of diction—happy surprises of phrase, and lovely lengths of haunting prose to delight the eye. Each of the great pilgrim's studies is followed step by step along the lonely way of the soul in its quest of light, toward the common goal of all—union with the eternal."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

*S. D. GORDON*

## Quiet Talks on Following The Christ

12mo, cloth, net 85c.

"This volume is well calculated to aid in Christian life, to give strength, courage and light on difficult problems. It grips one's very life, brings one face to face with God's word, ways of understanding it and, even its every day application. It is plain, clear, direct, no confusion of dark sentences."—*Bapt. Observer.*

*G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.*

## The Teaching of Christ

A Companion Volume to "The Crises of The Christ." 8vo, cloth, net $1.75.

"One does not read far before he is amazed at the clear and logical grasp Dr. Morgan has upon divine truths. Could a copy of this book, with its marvelous insight, its straightforwardness, its masterly appeal, be placed in the hands of our church leaders, it would go far toward negativing the spiritual barrenness of destructive criticism. Here is a work that may profitably occupy a prominent place in the minister's library."—*Augsburg Teacher.*

*ZEPHINE HUMPHREY*

## The Edge of the Woods And Other Papers

12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

"Sane optimism, an appreciation of the beautiful and a delicate humor pervades the book which is one for lovers of real literature to enjoy."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

*NEW VOLUMES IN THE*

# International Leaders' Library

Additional volumes in this popular series—formerly issued ta $1.75, $1.50, $1.25 and $1.00—now only 60c. each. 12mo, full cloth binding, gilt stamped. *By mail, postage extra.*

*CHARLES G. FINNEY*

## Revival Lectures

There have been no recent additions to the International Leaders' Library more eagerly awaited than the three volumes of "Finney" of which this is the first.

*CHARLES G. FINNEY*

## Lectures to Professing Christians

These lectures of the great evangelist are hardly second to his famous revival lectures, both in their appeal and in their heart-stirring quality.

*CHARLES G. FINNEY*

## Gospel Themes

Twenty-four sermons which have long been recognized as characteristic of the great preacher.

*WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF*

## A Help to the Study of the Holy Spirit

A careful and diligent study of the Scripture teaching as to the personality, deity, healing, communion, fruits, baptism, filling, emblems and resistance of the Spirit.

*HENRY A. STIMSON, D.D.*

## The New Things of God

Here is an interesting book of sermons. They are direct, simple and full of real faith and the real gospel.

*ALLEN MACY DULLES, D.D.*

## The True Church A Study, Historical and Scriptural

"The book is absolutely decisive. It is as fascinating as cogent; brilliant, solid, clear."—*N. Y. Observer.*

*HENRY W. CLARK*

## The Christian Method of Ethics

"Here is a master who has unlocked the unuttered secret of many troubled minds, and opened a bread window, through which streams purifying and searching light."—*Christian Advocate.*

*NEW VOLUMES IN THE*

# International Leaders' Library

---

*D. L. MOODY*

## One Thousand and One Thoughts from My Library

"Passages from many writers. The prevailing tone is sturdy and sound, with an occasional flash of sunny humor that sets off the whole."—*The Churchman.*

*FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D. D.*

## The Transfiguration of Christ

"The treatment is expository and spiritual, and helpful to the practical Christian life."—*Watchman,*

*THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.*

## Help and Good Cheer

A book characterized by the robust Christian faith of its famous author.

*W. J. DAWSON, D.D.*

## The Evangelistic Note

"One of the most remarkable and stirring of recent books. It is really the story of a great crisis in the life of a great preacher. It is epoch-making in character."—*The Watchman.*

*CLELAND B. McAFEE*

## Studies in the Sermon on the Mount

"The result of a careful and adequate study of that great sermon. It consists of seven discourses."—*Calif Christian Advocate.*

*HENRY WARD BEECHER*

## Bible Studies in the Old Testament

Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament with Familiar Comment.

"No one would look to Mr. Beecher for the kind of scholarly erudition as to origins and dates and authorship which one finds in Driver; but I do not know any better book to-day for the preacher to study who wishes to use such erudition in interpretation of the new Bible (the old Bible in the light of the new scholarship) than Mr. Beecher's *Bible Studies.*"—*Lyman Abbott.*

3 2044 038 367 488

DUE MAY 22 1933

JUN 11 1945

APR 5 19[illegible]

FEB 13 19[illegible]

SEP 10 1997